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THE BAPTIST HARP:

A NEW COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS

FOR

THE CLOSET,

THE FAMILY, SOCIAL WORSHIP,

AND

REVIVALS.

PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

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PREFACE.

A GENERAL desire has, for a long time, been expressed, that the American Baptist Publication Society would issue a collection of Hymns, adapted to private, domestic, and social worship. In compliance with this demand, the present work has been prepared. The Psalmist, as a manual for public worship, has, it is believed, supplied the wants of that department. But its very design, and the very qualities by which it so eminently answers that design, render it unsuited to the purposes of social devotion. Secret communion with God, family worship, the prayer meeting, and seasons of religious awakening, require a class of hymns of a more free, familiar, and specific character than would be at all necessary or proper in the regular services of the sanctuary. To meet this deficiency has been the object of the Society. They have endeavored to furnish, for the purposes above stated, a collection of hymns, as complete, and as appropriately arranged, as the Psalmist is for the Lord's day; and one which, though occupying a different sphere, should be in every respect worthy to go forth as its companion. In carrying out this design, the book has been increased much beyond the size originally

contemplated; but the low price at which it is sold, will, it is presumed, remove all objection on the score of expense.

It will be perceived, that a much larger space has heen appropriated to the Closet, the Family, and Revivals, than has been usual in collections of this kind. The frequent complaints of deficiency in these particulars have produced the imprssion, that a more ample selection would be both seasonable and useful. The endeavor, indeed, has been to give to each of the main departments of the work, more fulness as well as a more perfect arrangement, than is to be fonnd in any previous compilation. With what success this effort has been attended, the public must decide.

With many prayers, the book is now commended to the churches. Should it, in any degree, subserve the ends in view, and be instrumental, however humbly, in giving sweetness and fervor to the praises of God's people on earth, and thus preparing them for the everlasting praises of heaven,—to Him alone shall be the glory.

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BAPTIST HARP.

THE CLOSET.

I.—RETIREMENT.

1. 7's & 6's. EDIN. REV.

"*Enter into thy closet.*"

1 GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

3 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

2. C. M. COWPER.

Holy Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God!

4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, thou art mine.

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store!
Thy praise shall fill the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

3. L. M. WATTS.

God found in Retirement.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God I find.

4. C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

God seeth in Retirement.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 May that observing eye survey
My faithful homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O, let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While fervent vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So wilt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

5. 11's. ANON.

The Bower of Prayer.

1 TO leave my dear home, and from kindred to part,
And go forth an exile, afflicts not my heart,
Like the sad thought of pining in absence away
From that loved retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the vine and the green ivy spread
Their clustering branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the downy turf there,
And poured out my soul to the Saviour in prayer.

3 The lark's early note I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty from sleep's drowsy spell;
While soft gliding waters, and birds of the air,
Sung anthems of praise as I went forth to prayer.

4 How sweet were the breezes, perfumed by the pine,
And rich was the breath of the wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter, and far richer were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my spirit deigned often to meet,
And grace with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
And gave me a foretaste of heaven in prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave thee—must bid thee adieu,
To wander a stranger in scenes that are new;
But my gracious Saviour resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

6. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Nature of Secret Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

7. C. M. MARTINEAU'S COL.

Sweetness of Secret Prayer.

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer!

8. 7's & 6's. G. B. IDE.

Secret Prayer the Balm of Sorrow.

1 O, WHEN the tear is gushing
From sorrow's faded eye,
When gathering storms are rushing
Across the gloomy sky,
When the full heart is breaking,
And hope is far away,
How sweet, the world forsaking,
Alone with God, to pray!

2 The mourner, lowly bending,
Flies to the Saviour's feet,
And healing balm, descending
From Mercy's holy seat,

The joy, that earth gives never,
Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
And peace that lasts for ever,
Lulls every care to rest.

3 O, weary child of sadness,
Pilgrim bereft and lone,
Behold the fount of gladness,
Springing from heaven's throne;
Each want and sin confessing,
On Christ thy burden lay,
And learn how rich the blessing,
Alone with God, to pray!

II.—SPIRITUAL EXERCISES.

9. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Secret Self-Examination.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye,
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove,
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

10. C. M. STEELE.

Private Humiliation.

1 O LORD, thy tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A sinful wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 O! shine on this benighted heart—
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

11. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Watching unto Prayer.

1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From every lure and snare beneath,
Call off my grovelling heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed,
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Lord, to my rescue come;
Make my vain fancies cease:
O, lead my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Let me no longer rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

12. C. M. WATTS

Distance from God lamented.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

13. C. M. WATTS.

Seeking God.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

14. C. M. WILLIAMS

Finding God in all things.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

15. S. M. WATTS.

Joy in God alone.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

III—BIBLE IN THE CLOSET.

16. L. M. MONTGOMERY'S COL.

The Bible a Companion.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still,
My joy thy statutes to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

3 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the Church above.

17. C. M. WATTS.

The Bible a Heritage.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

18. L. M. KELLY.

The Bible a Delight.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

19. C. M. STEELE.

The Bible full of Christ.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Unseen whom I adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O, come with blissful ray;
Break, radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

20. 8's & 7's. NEWTON.

Precious Bible

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the scripture-truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;

Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doting on his golden store?
Sure, I am, or should be, wiser;
I am rich—'tis he is poor;
Jesus gives me in his word
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

IV.—MORNING.

21. 7's. Sac. Songs

Morning Prayer.

1 IN this calm impressive hour
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy, God of power,
Hear me, when to thee I cry—
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ thy Son.

2 With this morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

3 O what joy that word affords,
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings and Lord of lords,
Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

22. C. M. STEELE.

Morning Praise.

1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Secure and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

23. L. M. WATTS.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

24. C. M. WATTS.

Divine Forbearance acknowledged.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

25. S. M. DWIGHT

God my Preserver.

1 SERENE I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

3 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

26. 7's. TOPLADY

Sun of Righteousness.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

27. 7's & 6's. MOTHER'S HYMNS.

Lord's Day Morning.

1 THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow:
It is the Sabbath morning:
Arise, and pay thy vow;
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2 The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day:

So let my soul benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3 O see those waters, streaming
In crystal purity;
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye:
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

28. C. M. EDMESTON.

Lord's Day sweet to the weary.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

29. S. M. WATTS.

Lord's Day Welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

30. L. M. WATTS

Lord's Day Service pleasant.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

V.—NOON.

31. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Mid-day Retirement.

1 FULL speed along the world's highway,
By crowds of eager travellers trod,
My soul, my soul! a moment stay,
To hold communion here with God.

2 Earth, with thy vanities, depart!
My God, I stand alone with thee;
Thine eye is looking on my heart;
O what a noon is risen on me!

32. S. M. G. B. IDE.

Mid-day Prayer.

1 PARCHED by the noon-tide heat,
The traveller turns aside,
To seek some cool and still retreat,
Where shaded waters glide.

2 Thus, O my soul, retire
Awhile from earthly care;
Call off thy thoughts from low desire,
And breathe a mid-day prayer.

3 Weary with toil and strife,
By grief and sin oppressed,
Fly to the throne of endless life,
And in its shadow rest.

4 As falls the summer dew,
On drooping plant or flower,
Prayer shall thy wasted strength renew,
For labor's coming hour.

VI.—EVENING.

33. C. M. MRS. BROWN.

Evening Devotion.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:
And all my cares and sorrows cast,
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray,
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

34. 7's & 6's. SAC. SONGS.

Evening Aspirations.

1 THE mellow eve is gliding,
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

35. C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Self-Examination.

AT evening to myself I say,
My soul, where hast thou gleaned to-day,
Thy labors how bestowed?
What hast thou rightly said or done?
What grace attained or knowledge won,
In following after God?

36. 7's. SAC. SONGS

Evening Prayer.

1 NOW from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free:
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee:
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Nought can charm me here below
But my Saviour's melting voice:

Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the Gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning power;
Grateful notes to thee I raise,
O, accept my song of praise.

37. L. M. WATTS.

Evening Meditation.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rend my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

38. C. M. WATTS.

Evening Thanks.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love,
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for him who died,
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee

39. 7's. ANON.

Evening Supplication.

1 'TIS the hour when silent thought,
Cometh with my follies fraught;
And my soul within me dies,
Yet to heaven I lift mine eyes,
Sighing, as I bow to thee—
Jesus! Saviour, pity me!

2 Pity Lord! by all the wo,
Thou, thyself, didst bear below;
Pity, Lord, the child of dust—
Free, from each deceiving lust,
Him, who, sorrowing, cries to thee—
Jesus! Saviour, pity me!

3 From thy flock, a straying lamb,
Tender Shepherd, though I am;

Now upon the mountain cold,
Lost, I long to gain the fold,
And within thine arms to be;—
Jesus! Saviour, pity me!

4 O, where stillest streams are poured,
In green pastures, lead me, Lord!
Bring me back, where angels sound
Joy to the poor wanderer found—
Evermore my Shepherd be,—
Jesus! Saviour, pity me!

40. L. M. KENN.

Evening Confession.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

41. 8's. TOPLADY.

Evening Confidence.

1 FROM evil secure and its dread
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh;
The wing of his love o'er me spread,
Shall needful protection supply.

He smiles, and my comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

2 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast helped me till now;
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou has proved;
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so tenderly loved.

3 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou keeper and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

42. L. M. EDMESTON

Lord's Day Evening.

1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath-eve,
And soft the sunbeam lingering there;
These sacred hours the low earth leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

2 The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow!

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

43. L. M. WATTS.

Pleasing Remembrance of the Sabbath.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

44. C. M. CENNICK.

Longing for the Heavenly Sabbath.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

THE FAMILY.

I.—THE FAMILY INSTITUTED.

45. 7's & 6's. HEBER.

Marriage Hymn.

1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed;
When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest:—

2 No sin his face defiling
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good!—
Yet in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known;
A want the heart distressing;—
For Adam was alone!

3 O God of pure affection!
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board,
May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom thou hast linked in one:

46. 7's. COLLYER.

Marriage.

1 FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace,
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.

2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth;
And, as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.

3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee.

II.—DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

47. 7's & 6's. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Home Happy.

1 SWEETEST bonds of friendship, here,
Bind our hearts together;
Where our fire-side comforts cheer,
In the wildest weather:
O, they wander wide, who roam,
For the joys of life, from home!

2 Bonds of everlasting love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion.
Thither may our hopes ascend;
There may all our labors end!

48. S. M. WATTS.

The Blessed House.

1 BLEST is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

2 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

49. S. P. M. WATTS.

The Lovely Spectacle.

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

50. 8's & 7's. C. WESLEY.

The Family Benediction.

1 PEACE be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;

Peace, the earnest of salvation;
  Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
  Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
  Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of peace, be near us,
  Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
  Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
  Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
  In the realms of bliss above.

III.—FAMILY WORSHIP.

51. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Resolve.

1 IN all my ways, O God,
  I would acknowledge thee,
And seek to keep my heart and house
  From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
  An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
  Of humble prayer and praise

3 Could I my wish obtain,
  My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
  A nursery for thee.

52. C. M. BROWN.

Divine Aid implored.

1 ASSEMBLED round thine altar, Lord,
To lift our hearts in prayer,
To read the pages of thy word,
And learn our duty there;

2 We ask thy spirit's guiding ray,
Thy presence we implore;
Dear Saviour, teach us how to pray,
And how to love thee more.

3 So shall our worship here below,
Resemble that above,
Where saints thy endless glory view,
And sing redeeming love.

53. 12's & 11's. ANON.

The Family Bible.

1 HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high!
I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest book which excels every other,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt my dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

C. M. WATTS.

54. *Importance of the Bible to the Young.*

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

55. *Morning Worship.*

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes, with holy zeal,
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.

3 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

56. 7's. EPIS. COL.

A Morning Prayer.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn;
Lord, we would be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear;
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last;
Labor then will all be o'er,
Sin's dark night will be no more.

57. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Preserving Mercy.

1 WHEN we, with welcome slumber pressed,
Had closed our weary eyes,
A power unseen secured our rest,
And made us joyful rise.

2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light,
In death's tremendous gloom.

3 But life to us its light prolongs,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Great God, accept our morning songs,
Our willing sacrifice.

C. M. ADDISON.

58. *Daily Mercies.*

1 A THOUSAND precious gifts, O Lord,
Our daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

2 Through every period of our life,
Thy goodness we'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

3 Through all eternity, to thee,
A joyful song we'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

C. M. WATTS.

59. *Lord's Day Morning.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

60. L. M. STENNETT

Holy Rest.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

61. S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

Lord's Day Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ,
Eternally in heaven.

62. C. M. MASON.

Evening Worship.

1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let grateful incense rise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our time! whose hand hath set
New time upon the score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

63. S. M. ANON.

Evening Hymn.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love!

64. L. M. ANON.

Evening Reflections.

1 THE short-lived day declines in haste,
The night of death approaches fast,
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

2 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb;
As ships that skim along the sea,
Or eagles darting on their prey.

3 As vanishes the fleeting shade,
As flowers before the evening fade,
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are measured by a span.

4 Be this my one, my great concern,
The way of life and peace to learn;
To know my dear Redeemer's love,
And his renewing grace to prove.

65. 8's & 7's. EDMESTON
Watchful Providence.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,—
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be;
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

66. 8's. [*Peculiar.*] HOGG.
The Universal Guardian.

1 BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

2 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

67. 8's & 7's. KELLY.

Divine Protection.

1 ANOTHER day thy love has spared us,
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose;
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

68. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Evening Hymn for Children.

1 NOW condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng,
And kindly listen, while we sing,
Our pleasant evening song.

2 We come to own thy power divine,
That watches o'er our days;
For this our grateful voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.

3 Before thy sacred footstool see,
We bend in humble prayer;
A happy, loving family,
To ask thy tender care.

4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then shall our morning hymn of praise
Declare thy goodness, Lord.

6 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
Then smile upon this kindred band,
And join our hearts in love.

69. S. M. MRS. CONDER.

Saturday Evening.

1 THE hours of evening close;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care,
Nor thought of earthly things assail
The still retreat of prayer.

3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep,
And, safe from violence or fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

70. C. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

Lord's Day Evening.

1 THIS sacred day, great God, we close
With gratitude and love,
And bless thee for the joyful news,
Which hails us from above.

2 May we retain the glorious truths
Recorded in thy word,
And, with obedient lives, adorn
The doctrines of the Lord.

3 Ere long we hope to meet and join
The ransomed throng in bliss:
With joy thy earthly courts we'll leave,
To dwell where Jesus is.

71. C. M. Browne.

Lord's Day Evening Prayer.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

72. 6's. UNION HYMNS.

Solemn Review.

1 THE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away;
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroyed;
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employed?

2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again!
Then, in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say,
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O, may we never dare;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer:
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

73. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Heavenly Sabbath.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

IV.—THE PARENTAL RELATION.

74. C. M. BOSTON SPECTATOR.

A Child from the Lord.

1 BLESSINGS attend thee, little one,
Sweet pledge of mutual love!
On this new coast a stranger thrown,
Directed from above.

2 O may the hand that hither led,
For ever be thy guide;
And may no sorrows round thee spread,
Nor dangers press thy side.

3 Live to reward thy parents' heart,
For every kindness given;
And when earth's fleeting scenes depart,
Rejoice with them in heaven!

75. 8's & 7's. MAT. H. BOOK.

The Child's Welcome.

1 COME and welcome, lovely stranger
Welcome to a world of care;
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare.

2 O, may heaven in love defend thee
'Mid life's dangers and alarms;
And may blessings still attend thee,
Sheltered in a Saviour's arms.

76. 7's. MAT. H. BOOK

Parental Instruction.

1 LORD, assist us by thy grace,
To instruct our infant race;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 May we teach them day by day,
In the house, and by the way;
When they rise, or go to rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.

3 While in childhood's tender age,
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line,
Kindling rays of light divine.

4 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer,
We commit them to thy care;
Be their shepherd and their guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

77. C. P. M. C. Wesley.

Parental Example.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord;
But first obedient to his word,
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and temper show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my presence wait,
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use,
Into thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians live.

78. C. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

Prayer for a Child.

1 FAIN, O my child, I'd have thee know,
The God whom angels love;
And teach thee feeble strains below,
Akin to theirs above.

2 O when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.

3 I'll move thine ear—I'll point thine eye;
But ah! the inward part—
Great God, the Spirit! hear the sigh
That trembles through my heart.

4 Break, with thy vital beam benign,
O'er all the mental wild!
Bright o'er the human chaos shine,
And sanctify my child.

79. 7's. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Prayer for the conversion of Children.

1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessing share,
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven!

2 In the morning of their days,
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise,
In their earliest infancy.

3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear!

80. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Parent's Plea.

1 THOU, who a tender parent art,
Regard a parent's plea;
My offspring, with an anxious heart,
I now commend to thee.

2 My children are my greatest care,
A charge which thou hast given;
In all thy graces let them share,
And all the joys of heaven.

3 On me thou hast bestowed thy grace,
Be to my children kind;
Among thy saints give them a place,
And leave not one behind.

4 Happy we then shall live below,
The remnant of our days;
And when to brighter worlds we go,
Shall long resound thy praise.

81. 11's. G. B. IDE.

Children exhorted to come to Christ.

1 IN life's joyous morning, while hope still is bright,
And all thy green pathway is beaming with light,
O come to the Saviour, his mercy embrace,
And sweetly surrender thy heart to his grace.

2 Soon cares and temptations thy steps will attend,
And sorrow's rude tempest may on thee descend;
What arm can sustain thee, what wisdom can guide,
If Christ, the Deliverer, be not at thy side?

3 His love, if thou seek him, will gird thee with power;
In manhood's stern conflicts, and trial's dark hour,
With rich consolations thy anguish assuage,
When stung by affliction, or sinking with age.

4 The "peace-speaking blood," which for sinners he spilt,
Will shield thee in judgment, and cleanse thee from guilt,
His hand shall defend thee from all earthly foes,
And bring thee triumphant to heaven's repose.

5 Then fly to his bosom, and in it find rest
From all that can torture thy frail mortal breast,
No storm there can reach thee, no danger assail;
His might is resistless, his truth cannot fail.

82. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's invitation to Children.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
With humble trust that we are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

83. 8's. UNION MINSTREL.

Child's Reply.

1 O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine;
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine.

Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
O, call me thy own little child.
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O, bind me so fast in thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart!

84. C. M. LOGAN

Happy Child.

1 HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

V.—BIRTH-DAYS.

85. C. M. ANON.

The Birth-Day Meditation.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

86. C. M. MAT. H. BOOK.

The Birth-Day Prayer.

1 SWIFT as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hastening on;
Quick as the lightning from the skies,
My wasting moments run.

2 My follies past, O God, forgive,
My every sin subdue,
And teach me henceforth how to live,
With glory in my view.

3 'Twere better I had not been born,
Than live without thy fear,
For they are wretched and forlorn,
Who have their portion here.

4 But blessed be thy sovereign grace,
That in my early youth,
Led me to seek the Saviour's face,
And know the way of truth.

5 O, let thy Spirit lead me still,
Along the happy road;
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Father and my God.

6 Another year of life is past:
My heart to thee incline,
That if this year should be my last,
It may be wholly thine!

87. H. M. C. WESLEY.

The Birth-Day Vow.

1 GOD of my life! to thee
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours,
I consecrate to thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live!
To thee my every breath,
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore!

VI.—PARTING AND REUNION.

88. C. L. M. SAC. SONGS.

Parting.

1 TO thee, when called a while to part
With friends or kindred dear,
To thee we raise each drooping heart,
And tell each rising fear;
For thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
To hear thy children when they cry.

2 As children of a Father's care,
Thy blessing we implore;
As friends of Jesus, we would share
Thy presence evermore;
This, this alone can cheer the soul,
And every rising grief control.

3 If thou art with us when we part
With friends or kindred dear,
To fill with joy each drooping heart,
And banish every fear;
How easy then to bid adieu,
For Jesus smiles, and heaven is true.

89. 7's. NEWTON.

Parting Prayer.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

90. 7's. ANON.

When shall we meet again.

1 WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

91. 6's & 5's. [*Peculiar.*] SEL. HYMNS.

Reunion in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never—no, never!

92. 8's & 7's. [*Peculiar.*] MONTGOMERY

"We meet again."

1 JOYFUL words—"we meet again?"
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting;
Life in death—"we meet again!"

2 While we walk this vale of tears,
Compassed round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again!" our bosom cheers.

3 Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again!" transports us home.

4 When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heaven at last.

93. C. M. REED.

Praise for Reunion.

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace!

VII.—DOMESTIC AFFLICTON.

C. M. MOORE.

94. *Light in Darkness.*

1 O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when by sorrows wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

95. 8's. 7's. & 4. PEARCE

Sweet Affliction.

1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul;
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

2 Here, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear;
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

3 In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands;
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck you from my hands:"
Sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.

4 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to end in ceaseless joy.

96. 7's. COWPER.

Benefit of Affliction.

1 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall,
But, with humble faith to see,
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

C. M. STEELE.

97. *Desiring the presence of God in affliction.*

1 THOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppressed,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

3 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it, all is night.

4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.

8's. BATH COL.

98. *Comfort in Sickness.*

1 O THOU whose compassionate care,
Forbids my fond heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender Physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O, let this correction be blest
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

99. C. M. COWPER.

Submission.

1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favor all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

100. C. M. TOPLADY

Sweetness of Submission.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend.

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

101. 7's. & 6's. SAC. SONGS.

Prayer for the Sick.

1 BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, O Lord, we cry;
While for thy gift of healing
We raise our voice on high:

Diseases and afflictions
Thy ready servants are;
Chastisements and corrections
To quicken us in prayer.

2 We own our guilt and folly,
But thou canst still forgive;
And thou, Most High and Holy,
Canst bid the sick revive:
Though now cast down in sorrow,
In darkness and distress,
Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.

3 As suppliants now before thee,
In thy great name we plead;
Physician, we adore thee,
And trembling ask thine aid:
Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, to thee we cry:
Send down thy gift of healing,
On thee our souls rely.

102. S. M. SEARLE

Praise for Recovery.

1 KINDLY the Lord appeared
In nature's trying hour;
My sinking soul his mercy cheered;
I felt his strengthening power.

2 He found me on the bed
Of languishing and pain;
Bade me on him recline my head,
Nor seek his aid in vain.

3 I saw his mighty arm
Stretched o'er the rolling wave:
He snatched my life from threatening harm
And showed his power to save.

4 O, may my future days
  True gratitude display:
Nor only speak, but live his praise,
  Through each revolving day.

103. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Resignation under incurable Infirmity.

1 O THOU whose wise, paternal love
  Hath brought my active vigor down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
  And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

2 Cast, as a broken vessel, by,
  Thy will I can no longer do;
Yet, while a daily death I die,
  Thy power I may in weakness show,
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless wo proclaim thy praise.

3 But since without thy Spirit's might
  Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask in Jesus' right,
  The strength he did for me procure,
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

4 O let me live, of thee possessed,
  In weakness, weariness, and pain!
The anguish of my laboring breast,
  The daily cross I still sustain,
For him that languished on the tree,
But lived, before he died, for me.

104. C. M. UNION COL

Father to his Dying Son.

1 AND must thou die, my darling boy!
I see the fatal shade,
That o'er thy blooming cheek of joy
The hand of death has laid.

2 I loved to gaze upon thy face,
And mark thine open brow;
Where care as yet had stamped no trace
To picture human wo.

3 Must I no more behold that smile,
Nor feel thy hand entwine,
In fond, endearing love, awhile,
Its gentle clasp in mine?

4 But these are selfish thoughts, that wrong
A Christian parent's love;
Vain thoughts, that suit the worldly throng,
Who never look above.

5 Bought by the Saviour's precious blood,
And pardoned through his grace,
Thou wilt, beyond death's stormy flood,
Behold his glorious face.

105. 8's. & 7's. CECIL.

Dying Child to its Mother.

1 CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother drowned in wo;
Now thy kind caresses pain me;
Morn advances—let me go.

2 Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood,
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

3 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning to their home:
Raptured, they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

4 There, my mother, pleasures centre—
Weeping, parting, care, or wo,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go.

106. 6's. UNION MINSTREL.

Mother to her Dying Child.

1 GO to thy rest, my child;
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and meek and mild,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

2 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright:
Because thy cradle care
Was such a fond delight;
Shall love with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No! angel, seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

107. 8's. & 7's. S. S. VISITOR.

The Child is Dead.

1 ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet infant's voice has fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear object now is dead.

2 But we feel relief in sadness,
For our child is happy now;
It has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessèd angels bow.

3 It is now where harps are ringing
Through the heavenly courts above,
And its silvery voice is singing,
With glad spirits, hymns of love.

4 It is gone to heaven before us,
But it turns and waves its hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy, happy land!

108. C. M. STEELE.

The Young cut down in their Bloom.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While sorrow prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

4 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

109. 7's. C. WESLEY.

Dying Father's Prayer.

1 O THOU faithful God of love!
Gladly I thy promise plead;
Waiting for my last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead,
Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

2 My dear partner I commend,
To thy gracious providence;
Be her sure, immortal friend,
In all storms her safe defence;
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
May she ever lean on thee.

3 Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave;
Call my little ones thine own,
To them all thy blessings give,
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

4 Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow prove;
Me and mine for ever bless,
Tell me we shall meet above;
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart!

110. L. M. UNION HYMNS.

My Mother is dead.

1 THE bosom where I oft have lain,
And slept my infant hours away,
Will never beat for me again,
'Tis still, in death! 'Tis senseless clay!

2 How many were the silent prayers,
My mother offered up for me;
How many were the bitter cares
She felt when none but God could see.

3 But she is gone, and now in heaven,
She sings his praise, who died for her;
And to her hand a harp is given,
And she's a heavenly worshipper.

4 O let me choose the path she chose,
And her I soon again shall see,
Beyond this world of sin and woes,
With Jesus, in eternity.

111. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

My Mother's Grave.

1 O, AS upon my mother's grave,
I fix my weeping eyes,
How many fond remembrances
In quick succession rise!

2 Again I see her gentle form,
As when in infant days,
And childhood's early sportive years,
She guarded all my ways.

3 Again her kind maternal voice,
Falls on my listening ear,
As when she taught my youthful soul,
The God of love to fear.

4 Father of heaven, my mother's God!
Before thy blissful seat,
Among the glorious heirs of light,
May I that mother meet!

112. L. M. Mrs. G. W. Anderson.

The Bereaved Husband.

1 YES, she is gone—yet do not thou
The goodness of the Lord distrust;
But meekly to his wisdom bow,
Who lays thy loved one in the dust.
The form is there—but seek not there
The spirit born for light and love;
Look upward—free from sin and care,
It rests in joy with God above.

2 Through many chequered scenes of life,
Ye hand in hand have journeyed on;
For her the labor and the strife
Are o'er—the peaceful goal is won.
The pleasant voice and cheering smile,
Which oft have soothed thy harassed mind,
Are gone but for a little while,
She hath not left thee far behind.

3 Then mourn not that an heir of grace,
Has reached the goal of hope and faith,
Press onward in the Christian race;
Brief is your parting now by death;
Soon thou too wilt be called to leave
This earth, where sadly thou dost roam;
Soon joyfully wilt thou receive,
In heaven, her gentle "Welcome Home."

113. L. M. Wm. L. Dennis.

The Widow's God

1 IN this lone hour of deep distress,
When heavy sorrows round me press,
Encouraged by thy gracious word,
I trust thee as the widow's God.

2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
The grave is now his resting place;
O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
Reveal thyself the widow's God.

3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
Suppress my murmuring, dry my tears;
Help me to own thee as my Lord,
And bless thee as the widow's God.

4 Be thou my counsellor and stay,
Protect by night, and guide by day;
Then, as I travel life's rough road,
I'll praise thee as the widow's God.

114. C. P. M. UNION MINSTREL.

The Orphan.

1 O THOU, the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone my eyes look up
In each distressing day!
Father, (for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,)
Instruct this heart to pray.

2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh
But thine, to mark my wo;
No hand to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice to hush my fears,
Remains to me below.

3 To heaven my earthly friends are gone,
And thither are my comforts flown,
But I continue here;
Be thou my pattern, thou my guide;
This friendless heart from sorrow hide,
Reposing on thy care.

115. C. M. WATTS

The Aged Christian's Prayer.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave the savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

116. 7's. C. WESLEY.

Ready to Depart.

1 READY for my earthen bed,
Let me rest my fainting head,
Welcome life's expected close,
Sink in permanent repose;
Jesus' blood, to which I fly,
Doth my conscience purify,
Signs my weary soul's release,
Bids me now depart in peace.

2 Thus do I my couch prepare;
O, how soft, when Christ is there!
There my breathless Saviour laid,
Turns it to a spicy bed;

Resting in his power to save,
Looking now beyond the grave,
Calm I lay my body down,
Rise to an immortal crown!

117. L. M. WATTS.

Death made easy.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?—
What timorous worms we mortals are.
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

3 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

118. 11's. MUHLENBURG.

Death Welcome.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

119. 8's. COWPER.

Longing to be with Christ.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—

5 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom, absent, I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

120. *Weep not for Me.*

8's & 4's. SAC. SONGS.

1 WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor,
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength—for ever!
Weep not for me.

121. *All is Well.*

8's & 3's. ANON.

1 WHAT'S this that steals away my breath?
Is it death?
That soon will quench this vital flame?
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From all my pains and sorrows free;
I shall the King of glory see!
All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well.
My sins are pardoned, I am free,
All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies.
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well.
I will rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.
Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well.
I soon shall see his face in glory,
All is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! ye blood washed throng,
Saved by grace.
I've come to join your rapturous song.
Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
O, hallelujah to the Lamb.
All is well.

122. 8's & 7's. MONTGOMERY.

"*Let me go.*"

1 LET me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking,
In the wilderness below;

Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

2 Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry,
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If ye love me, let me go.

3 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
Which withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, ye hear me sing.

4 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky:
Am I dead?—Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die.
Would you solve the mystery?
Come up hither, come and see.

123. L. M. ANON.

Not lost, but gone before.

1 SAY why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,
They are not lost—but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

4 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost—but gone before.

124. S. P. M. MONTGOMERY.

Friends Depart.

1 FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light

125. C. M. WATTS

Mourn not the Departed.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

126. 8's & 7's. COLLYER.

"Cease, ye Mourners."

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die!

127. C. M. WATTS.

The Dead in Christ.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

128. L. M. SAC. SONGS.

The Grave.

1 THE grave is now a favored spot
To saints who sleep in Jesus blest,
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest;

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest, as in a peaceful bed;
Secure from all the dreadful storms
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

129. C. M. STEELE.

The Resurrection.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
The Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

130. C. M. ANON.

Reunion in Heaven.

1 O WEEP not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away,
For hopes, that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;
The clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 O weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonely grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

131. 8's & 6's. G. B. IDE.

The Family in Heaven.

1 THEY all have met in heaven at last!
Parents and children dear;
All to the land of joy have passed,
Secure from every stormy blast,
And sorrow's bitter tear.

2 At early morn, when life's sweet flower
First opened to the light;
In youth's fair bloom, in manhood's power,
Or age's calm and solemn hour—
They faded from our sight.

3 Some sleep amid their native vales;
Some in the ocean-wave;
Beneath the breath of tropic gales,
Or where the northern tempest wails;
Each in his lowly grave.

4 But, ransomed by the Saviour's grace,
And washed in his rich blood,
Their happy spirits see his face,
And all his matchless glories trace,
Beyond the rolling flood.

5 There, on that bright and peaceful shore,
To pure and saved ones given,
They shout their earthly wanderings o'er,
And dwell with Christ for evermore,
A family in heaven!

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1.—INTRODUCTORY.

132. 6's. REV. MELODIES

The Invitation.

1 COME to the place of prayer—
The day is past and gone,
And on the silent air,
The voice of praise is borne:

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the heart's low sigh,
The glow within our breast,
And the hope beyond the sky.

2 Yes! tuneful is the sound
Of Christians as they sing;
Welcome the glory round,
Shed from the Spirit's wing;
But bliss more sweet and still
Than aught on earth e'er gave,
Our yearning souls shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

133. 7's. COBBIN.

The Prayer Meeting.

1 LORD, there is a throne of grace!
There we now would seek thy face;
Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
Of the soul that seeks thee there.

2 Though our language simple be,
Words are nothing, Lord, with thee;
To the broken, contrite heart,
Thou wilt joy and peace impart.

3 Saviour, for us intercede,
While the promises we plead;
And, while we the blessing gain,
Thine the glory shall remain.

134. S. M. WATTS.

The Charming Place.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

135. 7's. TURNER.

The Sweet Communion.

1 LORD, 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 'tis sweet with them to raise,
Songs of holy joy and praise.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy,
We the happy hours employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

136. L. M. KELLY.

The Heavenly Converse.

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

137. L. M. NEWTON.

The blissful Theme.

1 FORGOTTEN be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

2 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

3 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day,
When shall we meet, to part no more.

138. L. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Happy Few.

1 HERE, blessèd God, behold a few,
Who would observe thy holy Word;
O may we find thy promise true,
That they "shall live who seek the Lord!"

2 O let our faith and joy abound,
While we approach thy mercy seat,
Since often have thy people found
An hour so spent divinely sweet!

3 While thus with thee we close the day,
To every waiting soul be near;
And may we all have cause to say,
'Twas good for us to worship here!

139. C. M. NEEDHAM.

"*Use not vain Repetitions.*"

1 LORD, in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne:
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.

2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
And bring thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words and short our prayers,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

140. S. M. BULMER.

"*Lord, teach us to pray.*"

1 NOW from the world withdrawn,
For intercourse with thee,
May we, O Lord, before thy throne,
From earthly cares be free.

2 Possess our every thought,
And teach our minds to pray;
Help us to worship as we ought,
And thus conclude the day.

3 Our strength may we renew,
And lift our hearts above,
That, while life's journey we pursue,
We still may walk in love.

4 Then, in our latter end,
When death shall close our eyes,
Thy mercy will our souls attend,
And bear them to the skies.

141. C. M. WATTS.

Access to God by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

142. 7's. HAMMOND.

The Blessing Sought.

1 LORD, we come before thee now—
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;

Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may peace and joy afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

143. L. M. STENNETT.

The Gracious Promise.

1 "WHERE two or three," with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

144. 7's. C. WESLEY

The Promise claimed.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, descend, appear!
To thy human temples come.

3 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Conquer all our love of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will ask for nothing less!
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

145. C. M. STEELE.

Christ's Presence desired.

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glories shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

146. L. M. COWPER.

Christ with His People.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care,
And teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen, beyond the skies.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O, rend the heavens this favored hour,
Let thousands feel thy saving power.

147. C. M. HOSKINS.

Meeting in Christ's Name.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet!

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek—
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise, to hear
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

148. 8's, 7's & 4. KELLY.

Privileges Improved.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Holy bliss, for evermore.

149. L. M. WATTS.

Spiritual Enlargement.

1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

150. 7's. TOPLADY.

Divine Influence.

1 O FOR one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.

2 Distant from thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God,
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upward to our native sky.

3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire
Love, and joy, and peace inspire!
Make us feel thy grace within;
Thou canst break the power of sin.

4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are thine.

151. 8's & 7's. ENG. BAP. COL.

Heavenly Dew.

1 AS the dew, from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
With its genial power fulfilling
What thy goodness, Lord, intends:

So may truth, divine and gracious,
Flowing from its fount above,
Blest by thee, prove efficacious
To perform thy work of love.

2 Lord, behold this congregation;
On thy faithful name we call;
From thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of mercy fall;
Let our cry come up before thee,
Sweetest influence shed around;
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

152. H. M. WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are;
To thine abode | With warm desires,
My heart aspires, | To see my God.

2 O happy souls, who pray,
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still! | Who love the way
And happy they, | To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring,
When God our king | Our willing feet.

153. C. M. WATTS.

The Upper Sanctuary.

1 I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?

5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to bow
And praise thee evermore.

II.—MORNING PRAYER MEETINGS.

154. 7's. REV. MELODIES.

The Sunrise Prayer Meeting.

1 HASTE, the day dawns, haste away,
Join the band that loves to pray;
Sweet it is, and blest employ,
Full of comfort, rich in joy.

2 Haste, before the sun's full ray
Bids the twilight flee away;
Haste, and seek the Saviour's face,
Share his love, and feel his grace.

3 O my soul, 'tis good to be
In such blissful company;
Wouldst thou flee from every snare?
Hide thee in the house of prayer.

4 O, then rise, and haste away,
And with prayer begin the day;
Let it float in every breath,
Sweet in life, the calm of death.

5 Soon the voice of prayer shall die,
In the rapturous song on high;
We shall shout on Canaan's shore,
Hallelujah, evermore.

155. 7's & 6's. REV. MELODIES.

The Call to Prayer.

1 UP! shake off the bands of sleep—
Nature is awaking;
Up! and to the place of prayer,
For the day is breaking.

2 Worldly men are up betimes,
Every effort making;
Come, then, to the place of prayer,
While the day is breaking.

3 Jesus, long before the light,
Waits for your awaking;
Haste, then, to the place of prayer
For the day is breaking.

4 Hear ye not the still small voice,
Satan's empire shaking?
In the place of prayer 'tis heard—
There, the day is breaking.

156. S. M. SAC. LYRICS.

Christ's Example.

1 HOW sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Or on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

157. C. M. WATTS.

"*Early will I seek Thee.*"

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink, or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine!

4 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

158. C. M. WATTS.
The Morning Worshipper.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

159. 8's, 7's & 4. G. B. IDE
The Early Petitioners.

1 LORD, we early come to meet thee,
Hear, O hear our suppliant cry;
For thy favor we entreat thee,
Send thy Spirit from on high;
Gracious Saviour!
To our waiting souls draw nigh.

2 Let the flame of pure devotion,
Kindled from thy throne above,
Fill each heart with warm emotion,
Fervent zeal, and holy love;
In thy mercy,
All our sins and fears remove.

3 Bring the lost, their guilt confessing,
Thy salvation to embrace;
Make them know the precious blessing
Of the men that seek thy face;
Then adoring,
We will praise thy sovereign grace.

III.—HOLY SPIRIT INVOKED.

H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

160. *The Promised Spirit.*

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply:
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

C. M. WATTS.

161. *The Quickening Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

7's. BATHHURST.

162. *The Teaching Spirit.*

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

163. S. M. BEDDOME.

The Subduing Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome;
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

164. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

The Reviving Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

165. L. M. BROWN.

The Guiding Spirit.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God,—our final rest,—
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there.

166. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Upholding Spirit.

1 'TIS God the Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

167. S. M. HART.

The Sanctifying Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

168. C. M. WATTS.

The Indwelling Spirit.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness, with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safely bear me home.

169. H. M. TOPLADY.

The Witnessing Spirit.

1 EARNEST of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail,
The cleansing gift on saints bestowed,
The witness of their peace with God.

2 With our perverseness here,
How often hast thou strove,
And spared us year by year,
With never ceasing love;
O, set from sin our spirits free,
And make us more and more like thee.

3 Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down,
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown;
Our guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

170. 7's. STOCKER.

The Sealing Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
Let my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning word to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

IV.—PRAYER.

171. H. M. ANON.

Divine Aid in Prayer.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
And teachest how to pray,
Our grovelling hearts prepare
To wing their heavenward way;
High as thy mercy-seat to rise,
And there pour out their earnest cries.

2 Too oft, when faith is weak,
We fear our prayers are vain;
The blessings which we seek,
We scarcely hope to gain;
Our wants appear to mount too high;
Our hopes, o'erborne with sorrow, die.

3 Lord, give us faith and light,
Humility and love,
And from our feeble sight,
The darkening film remove;

Kindle devotion's languid flame,
And bid us come in Jesus' name.

172. C. M. SAC. POETRY.

Sincerity in Prayer.

1 LORD, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee,
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

173. 7's. NEWTON.

Encouragement to Prayer.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt!

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

174. L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

175. C. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer Divinely Inspired.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

176. L. M. HART.

Prayer Efficacious.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christian's pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites;
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

3 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The sweetest solace is—to pray.

4 Depend on Christ, you cannot fail;
Make all your wants and wishes known;
Fear not,—his merits must prevail—
Ask what ye will, it shall be done.

177. 7's. NEWTON.

Prayer will be Answered.

1 PRAYER an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord awhile delay;
None shall seek his face in vain,
None be empty sent away.

2 When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to Jesus sought;
Though he granted her desire,
Yet at first he answered not.

3 From his words she draws a plea;
"Though unworthy children's bread,
'Tis enough for one like me,
If with crumbs I may be fed."

4 Jesus then his heart revealed—
"Woman, canst thou thus believe?
I to thy petition yield,
All that thou canst wish, receive."

5 'Tis a pattern set for us,
How we ought to wait and pray;
None who plead and wrestle thus,
Shall be empty sent away.

178. L. M. NEWTON.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I ASKED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

5 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

179. C. M. NEWTON.

Pleading in Prayer.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Jesus died."

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name.

180. S. M. NEWTON.

Importunity in Prayer.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
"Why should we longer wait?"
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear
He'll help them from on high.

5 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

181. 7's. NEWTON.

Wrestling in Prayer.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

3 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

182. L. M. STOWELL.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

183. 11's & 10's. SPIR. SONGS.

Invitation to the Mercy-Seat.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

184. 11's. MISS LUTTON.

Sweet Prayer.

1 WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer,
It comforts, it softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Bids hope rise exulting, and passion restrains;
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends that are dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
Past scenes and enjoyments live painfully there;
And restless we languish, till peace comes in prayer;
Prayer, &c.

3 When earthly delusions would lead us astray
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous way,
How strong the enchantment, how fatal the snare!
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer;
Prayer, &c.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer;
Prayer, &c.

185. C. M. ANON.

The Blessedness of Prayer.

1 NO, never shall my heart despond,
Long as my lips can pray;
My latest breath, with effort fond,
Shall pass in prayer away.

2 There is a heavenly mercy-seat
To calm the sinner's fears;
There is a Saviour at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.

3 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
Eternal Rock, to thee.

4 O for a voice of sweeter sound,
For every wind to bear—
To teach the listening world around
The blessedness of prayer.

V.—PRAISE TO GOD.

186. S. M. URWICK'S COL.

Delight in Praise.

1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine.

2 These seasons of delight,
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 But, O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet!

4 Then shall the ransomed throng,
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord!"

187. 8's. MONTGOMERY.

O come, let us sing.

1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit and voice!
Jehovah is God, and he reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hill he maintains;
The ends of the earth are his own.

2 O come, let us worship and kneel
Before our Creator, our God—
The people who serve him with zeal,
The sheep who his pastures have trod!
To him, let us hearken to-day,—
The voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
For he that ordained them is love.

188. 8's. & 7's. FAWCETT.

Universal Praise.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

189. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

190. S. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

191. C. M. WATTS.

Eternity of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!

Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

192. C. M. WATTS.

God the Creator.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And decked with sparkling gold.

3 Almighty power, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

4 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And here adore his love.

193. L. M. 6 L. MOORE

All Things of God.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through golden vistas, into heaven.—
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

194. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

Immutability of God.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

195. L. M. BLACKLOCK

Majesty of God.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame;
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

196. H. M. WATTS.

Government of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight,

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep all the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their fell designs:
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil, | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name; | Join, all my powers,
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

197. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

Power of God.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land,
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

4 Ye nations, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

198. C. M. WATTS

Sovereignty of God.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Before his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

6 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

199. C. M. WATTS.

God Omnipresent.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

4 So let thy grace surround me still
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

200. L. M. WATTS.

God Omniscient.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

201. C. M. COWPER.

Providence of God.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

202. L. M. BEDDOME.

Providence Wise.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

203. S. M. WATTS.

Providence Gracious.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

204. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou, holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

205. C. M. STEELE.

Goodness of God.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

3 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

206. C. M. G. BURDER.

Love of God.

1 COME, let us join to praise the Lord,
And raise our thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

207. S. M. WATTS

Mercy of God.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

208. L. M. DAVIES

The Pardoning God.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace,
More godlike and unrivalled shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for sins of deepest dye;
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 O may this strange, this boundless grace,
This miracle of sovereign love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

209. 8's & 7's. EPIS. COL.

Praise for Redemption.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee,
From the paths of death away:

2 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

4 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise!
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise!

210. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Redemption by Grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

211. H. M. WATTS

The Trinity in Redemption.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting wo;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Holy Ghost
Immortal praise we give;
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

7's. C. WESLEY.

212. *Praise to the Trinity.*

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God, the Father and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessing more than we can give.

2 Joining those beyond the sky,
Who adore the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.

3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest;
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity.

4 Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall, o'erwhelmed with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore.

C. M. WATTS.

213. *God the Believer's Portion.*

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

214. 8's. HART

Our God for ever.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

VI.—PRAISE TO CHRIST.

215. C. M. MEDLEY

The Incarnation Celebrated.

1 IN heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

2 Swift o'er the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

3 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

4 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, all fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

216. C. M. WATTS.

Joy of Christ's Advent.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

217. C. M. LOGAN.

Blessings of Christ's Advent.

1 MESSIAH! at thy glad approach,
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

2 The hidden fountains at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

3 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

4 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

5 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing:
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

218. 11's & 10's. HEBER.

The Star in the East.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

219. L. M. H. K. White.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

220. L. M. WATTS.

Object of Christ's Mission.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

221. 7's. NEWTON.

Praise for Christ's Mission.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came, the angels sung
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak!

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,—
I will love thee without end!

222. C. M. STEELE

Humiliation of Christ.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man,—O, wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

223. L. M. BOWRING.

The Teaching of Christ.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

224. C. M. CURTIS'S COL.

Miracles of Christ.

1 AND didst thou, Jesus, condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And cause the blind to see?
Thou Son of David hear—O, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?
O, pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord; O, save my soul;
For thou alone canst save.

225. L. M. WATTS.

The Life of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

226. 11's. M. De Fleury.

The Sorrows of Christ.

1 THOU sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow,—how humble his bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3 O, Garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him,—come, bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise;
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

227. C. M. Haweis.

Gethsemane.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
On which the Lord was laid;

His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed.

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

228. 7's. MONTGOMERY

Calvary.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

229. 7's. COLLYER.

The Cross.

1 TO the cross where Jesus dies,
Where my Lord resigns his breath;
Where affliction veils his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death:
Thither bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
Spilt to set the sinner free.

2 'Mid convulsive agonies,
Peace his quivering lips impart;
Pardon sealed by broken sighs,
Issuing from a bursting heart.
Let me feel this healing power,
Let this hardened heart of stone,
Melt beneath the purple shower,
From his body trickling down.

3 On those temples, crowned with thorns,
Suffering majesty appears;
Love that dying face adorns,
Stained with blood and soiled with tears.
Pierce the shadows of my heart,
With the beaming of thine eye;
Smiles of peace to me impart,
Let me feel, or I must die!

230. 7's & 6's. GERHARD.

The Slain Lamb.

1 O LAMB of God, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, thy only crown!

O Lamb of God, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place,
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace!

3 Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

4 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
—Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

231. 8's, 7's, & 4. FRANCIS
Atonement Finished.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;

See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord;
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb

232. C. M. COWPER.

Efficacy of Atonement.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

233. 7's. GIBBONS

Resurrection of Christ.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him, with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

234. S. M. KELLY

Redemption Completed.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Then hell has lost its prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

235. 7's. KELLY.

The Ascended Redeemer.

1 JESUS is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the conqueror's praise they sing;
Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace;
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,—
Share their bliss, and swell their songs;
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore.

236. H. M. C. WESLEY

The Surety.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;

The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

237. L. M. STEELE.

The Advocate.

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

238. C. M. WATTS

The God-Man.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh, I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

239. C. M. WATTS.

Christ a merciful High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In each distressing hour.

240. 8's & 7's. NEWTON.

Christ the best Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

241. C. M. RYLAND

Christ a Shepherd.

1 THOU Keeper of a lovely flock,
Thyself far lovelier still,
Beneath the overshadowing rock
Thy sheep are safe from ill.

2 There thou at noon dost make them rest,
Screened from the burning sky;
Nor dares the wolf, with hunger pressed,
Approach when thou art nigh.

3 Once for his flock the Shepherd died,
But now he lives again:
For all their wants will he provide,
And ease their every pain.

4 O may I always hear thy voice,
Nor ever wander more;
But in thy constant care rejoice,
Thy dying love adore.

242. S. M. MONTGOMERY

Christ's care of His Flock.

1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.

2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field, they range;
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in every change.

3 Secure amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.

4 Death may assail, but death
Is vanquished in the strife;
Their moment of departing breath
Begins eternal life.

243. H. M. WATTS.

Offices of Christ.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood, did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; O, make us sit
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

244. C. M. FAWCETT.

Christ the Desire of all Nations.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace;
Thine uncreated beauties shine
With never fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and praise ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ,
Through all eternity.

245. C. P. M. MEDLEY.

Excellence of Christ.

1 O, COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
We shall for ever shine.

3 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face:
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

8's. NEWTON.

246. "*What think ye of Christ?*"

1 WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test,
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost;
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I dare not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can.

If doings prove rather too light,—
A little they own they may fail–
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys;
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him betray:
Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in his terrible day?

5 If asked, what of Jesus I think,
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, He's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store;
My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

247. C. M. NEWTON.

Sweet Name of Jesus.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

248. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

249. 11's & 8's. SWAIN.

Christ the Beloved.

1 YE daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Belovèd has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

2 This is my Belovèd; his form is divine;
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

3 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
The air is perfumed with his breath.

4 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

250. C. M. TOPLADY.

Jesus all in all.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow, for thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
And thou canst give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn;
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consist not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss
If thou, O God, art mine.

251. 8's & 7's. ROBINSON.

The Fount of Blessing.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it:
Seal it from thy courts above.

252. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

253. C. M. WATTS.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

254. C. M. DUNCAN.

The Mediator Crowned.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

VII.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

S. M. BEDDOME.

255. *Love the Spring of true Obedience.*

1 LOVE is the fountain whence
All true obedience flows;
The Christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.

2 He treads the heavenly road,
And neither faints nor tires;
That generous love which warms his breast,
With fortitude inspires.

3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.

4 May love,—that shining grace,
O'er all my powers preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide!

256. C. M. WATTS.

Influence of Love.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But they can never love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

257. C. M. BEDDOME.

Christ our Model.

1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

258. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Responsibility.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have—
The Lord to glorify,
Who died my ruined soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 Let all my powers engage,
This calling to fulfil;
To serve and bless the present age,
And do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And thus thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thy grace rely;
O, let me ne'er my trust betray,
But faithful live and die.

259. C. M. WATTS.

Spiritual Sloth Reproved.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants,—for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whom God the Son came down
And labored for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

4 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And melt our frozen hearts.

5 Give us with active zeal to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

260. L. M. STEELE.

Choosing Christ's Service.

1 MAY I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O, be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice—
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

261. C. M. WATTS.

Not Ashamed of Christ.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

262. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Living to Christ.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

263. 6's & 5's. CH. MELODIST.

Firm and Faithful.

1 BE firm and be faithful,
Desert not the right,
The brave become bolder
The darker the night!
Then up and be doing,
Though cowards may fail;
Thy duty pursuing,
Dare all, and prevail.

2 If scorn be thy portion,
If hatred and loss,
If stripes and if prisons,
Remember the Cross!
Desert life or treasure,
But never the right;
The pain shall give pleasure,
And God shall requite.

264. L. M. WATTS.

Exemplifying the Gospel.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

265. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Opposing Iniquity.

1 THE Lord on mortal worms looks down
From his celestial throne;
And, when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
The scandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.

3 Low to the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair;
In the Redeemer's book of life,
Their names recorded are.

266. S. M. SIGOURNEY.

The Christian a Laborer.

1 LABORERS of Christ arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

3 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health,
Repay your arduous toil.

267. 8's & 7's. Ch. Psalmist.

Sowing and Reaping.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.

2 When shall fall the rain of heaven,
And the sun of mercy shine;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect e'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening;
Sure the harvest time is near.

268. S. M. Montgomery.

Sowing Ever.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

269. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian a Watcher.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near,
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

3 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

270. C. M. STEELE.

The Watcher Strengthened.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes
And hourly watch and pray.

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

271. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

3 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

272. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer against Loitering.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

273. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Pressing to the Goal.

1 AWAKE my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine uplifted eye.

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

274. C. M. WATTS

The Christian a Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

275. S. M. C. WESLEY.

The Soldier Armed.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

276. S. M. HEATH

The Soldier on his Guard.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

277. L. M. STENNETT.

The Alarm.

1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war:
"Awake, the powers of hell are near!
To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around,
Make haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus armed, I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To victory, and the victor's crown.

278. L. M. WATTS.

The March.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

279. 7's & 6's. J. B. W.

The Battle.

1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Lo! your Leader from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor—gird it on;
Now the battle will be won;
See! the strife will soon be done;
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God our strength and shield is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod—
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain;
Rise to join that glorious train,
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

280. 8's, 7's & 4. M. Wilks.

The Victory.

1 Hallelujah! victory, victory!
Lift the conqueror's song on high!
Jesus drives the foe before us,
Lo, the powers of darkness fly;
Hallelujah,
Now our joyful hearts reply.

2 Long and fierce has been the conflict;
Long the issue hung in doubt;
Hell united all its forces;
All were foiled and put to rout:
Hallelujah—
Raise to heaven the rapturous shout.

3 Hallelujah—to the Saviour!
Let the triumph widely spread,
'Twas his precious blood-stained banner
Struck the raging foe with dread,
Hallelujah—
Satan saw the CROSS, and fled!

281. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Soldier at Rest.

1 SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
Thy soul is found in peace.

3 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

VIII.—SORROWS AND JOYS.

282. L. M. STEELE.

Backsliding.

1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart!

Thus fond of trifles, widely rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 Dear Lord, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet, repentant, mourn:
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

3 O, let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

283. C. M. WATTS.

Hardness of Heart Deplored.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is,
How heavy here it lies,
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice.

2 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above;
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

3 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea;
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

284. L. M. HARRISON.

Indwelling Sin Lamented.

1 O, COULD I find some peaceful bower,
Where sin has neither place nor power;

This traitor vile I fain would shun,
But cannot from its presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
It stands between my God and me;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel it working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love,
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veil his glory from my eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heaven my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

285. 7's, 6's & 8. C. WESLEY.

The Backslider's Prayer.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart.
This I should have long implored,
For thou hast all my vileness known;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life and happiness and love
Smile in thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

286. C. M. STEELE.

Pardon Implored.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

287. C. M. NEWTON.

Will ye also go away?

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
Alas! what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet, thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

5 What anguish has that question stirred
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—No!

288. 7's. NEWTON.

Spiritual Depression.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;

Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

289. 8's. TOPLADY.

Faith Fainting.

1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
O visit and gladden my heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

290. C. M. NEWTON.

Mourning over departed Comforts.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

291. C. M. COWPER.

Nearness to God desired.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

292. 11's & 8's. SWAIN.

Longing for Christ in Darkness.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face,
Thy soul-cheering favor impart:
And let the sweet tokens of thy saving grace,
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

293. 8's. NEWTON.

Christ's Presence the only Joy.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

2 I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;

No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.
Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

294. 7's. C. WESLEY.

Christ the only Refuge.

1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

295. C. M. BURNHAM.

"*Lord, Remember Me.*"

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee,
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

296. 7's. TOPLADY.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

297. 6's & 5's. SAC. SONGS.

Consolation.

1 WHY that look of sadness?
Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?

O thou heir of heaven,
Think of Jesus' love,
While to thee is given
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burdened spirit
Agonized for sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean;
Think of Calvary's mountain,
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still in Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armor on;
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown,

298. S. M. TOPLADY.
Trust.

1 WHEN we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

2 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

3 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

299. 5's & 6's. NEWTON.

Unbelief Banished.

1 BEGONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near;
And for my relief
Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?

3 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

4 His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

300. 11's. KIRKHAM.

The Firm Foundation.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 "In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea,—
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!"

301. 7's. NEWTON.

Self-questioning.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

302. 7's. COWPER.

Christ Questioning.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word,
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 "Thou shalt see my glory soon;
When thy work of faith is done,

Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore—
O for grace to love thee more.

303. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Answer.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

304. 7's, 6's, & 8. C. WESLEY.

Christ Crucified our All.

1 VAIN, delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:

All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end,
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend:
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his love abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love;
Fain I would to sinners show,
His blood by faith alone applied,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

305. 8's & 7's. BATTY.

Joy at the Cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

8's & 7's. ANON.

306. *The Longing Flock, and the Good Shepherd.*

1 LET thy kingdom, blessèd Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of peace.
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth:
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
That shall teach us all thy truth;
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love's our bond, and Christ our centre,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, "Fear not, little flock,
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this rock:
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Near your Shepherd constant keep,
Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep."

4 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him we own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame!

Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he, and he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

307. L. M. MEDLEY.

Christ's Loving Kindness.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, O, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, O, how strong!

4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

308. 8's & 7's. GRANT.

Rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;

Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

309. S. M. TOPLADY.

Drawing nearer to Heaven.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

310. 7's. CENNICK.

Singing on the Way.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

311. C. M. WATTS.

Joy in God.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

312. S. M. WATTS

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

313. 7's & 6's. SOCIAL PSALMIST.

Looking Forward.

1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die,—

No longer these desiring,
Our wishes upward tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true, we are but strangers
And pilgrims here below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

314. 7's & 6's. CENNICK.

Mounting Upward.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from all terrestrial things,
Towards heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:

So a soul that's born of God
  Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
  To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
  Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
  Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season, and you know
  Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
  And earth exchanged for heaven.

315. H. M. TOPLADY.

The Heavenly Voyager.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
  I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
  Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
  My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
  While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
  Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
  And guide me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

316. L. M. TOPLADY.

The Celestial Breeze.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit come;
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail—
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale."

317. 7's & 6's. CH. LYRE.

Speeding to the Haven.

1 THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
Full swiftly we are going,
To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us,
To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses,
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses,
Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.

318. 7's. SWAIN.

We shall soon be at Home.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

2 In our way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

319. 7's & 6's. TIEBOUT'S COL.

Longing to see Jesus.

1 O, WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,

And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessèd Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
His faithful word has promised
A righteous crown to give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love to fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

320. 8's. REED.

"*O, that I had wings like a Dove.*"

1 O, LEND me the wings of a dove,
To fly from these regions of wo;

My hopes and my joys are above,
And thither my spirit would go.
I long with my Saviour to rest,
Beyond the assault of my foes,
And lean with a smile on his breast;—
No pillow can yield such repose.

2 How pleased and how blest should I be,
To gaze on his beauteous face;
While love and compassion to me
Lend every expression a grace;—
No cloud should bewilder my sight,
No sigh from my heart should arise;
But filled with extatic delight,
All tears should be wiped from my eyes.

3 Ah, then I should cease to offend
The Saviour I love and adore;
His grace, without limit or end,
Should reign in my heart evermore.
All pure as the angels above,
Each thought should exult in his name;
Each passion resigned to his love,
With rapture his praise should proclaim.

321. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Happy Child of Grace.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he says, is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven.
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O, what a blessèd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessel break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

C. M. S. STENNETT.

322. *The Banks of Jordan.*

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

5 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

323. C. M. ANON.

Sweet Land of Rest.

1 SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of wo—
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

324. C. M. WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

325. 8's. ANON.

Happiness of Heaven.

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there!

4 O Lord, in this valley of wo,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there!

IX.—CLOSING HYMNS.

326. L. M. G. W. ANDERSON.

Closing Hymn.

1 NOW let us raise one last sweet song,
To praise the Lord, our heavenly King;
Let every voice the notes prolong,
While thus our Saviour God we sing.

2 Praise God the Father, whose rich love
Has given a place for humble prayer;
Praise God the Son, who pleads above,
And gains us full acceptance there.

3 The Spirit praise, who doth incline
Our hearts from sin to holiness;
The Father Spirit, Son Divine,
In thankful songs for ever bless.

327. S. M. WATTS.

The Blessed Bond.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

C. M. MILLER.

328. *Sweetness of Christian Intercourse.*

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 Lord, when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;—

4 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

8's. BALDWIN.

329. *The Union of Saints.*

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
That fastens our souls in such ties
As nature and time can't remove?

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost?
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Then why so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 O, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United with Jesus in love!

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

330. C. M. SUTTON.

The Final Meeting.

1 HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one,
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven:
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot:

What though beneath an eastern sun,
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

331. 5's, 6's & 11's. TOPLADY.

The Heavenly Anthem.

1 'Tis pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in this valley of sorrows we move;
'Twill be pleasanter still,
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour, our Master, above.

2 'Tis sweet to recline
On thy bosom divine,
And rejoice in the comforts peculiar to thine;
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

3 On Canaan's fair land
We shortly shall stand

With crowns on our heads, and with harps in our hand;
Our harps shall be tuned,
The Lamb shall be crowned,
Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall resound.

REVIVALS.

I.—PREPARATION.

L. M. KELLY.

332. *Declension Confessed.*

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

8's & 7's. NEWTON.

333. *Declension Lamented.*

1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourished
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

334. 11's. HOPKINS.

Slumbering Professors Exhorted.

1 WHY sleep we, my brethren! come, let us arise;
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent;
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.

2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation, by Jesus the Son!
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved?

335. 8's, 7's & 4. NEWTON.

Lord, Revive us.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!

All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

336. S. M. SAC. SONGS.
"*O Lord, Revive thy Work.*"

1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

C. M. CHRISTIAN MELODIST.

337. *Converting Grace Implored.*

1 COME, Lord, in mercy come again,
With thy converting power;
The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
O send a gracious shower!

2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.

3 Dear Saviour, come with quickening power,
Thy mourning people cry;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

4 Once more let converts throng thy house,
And shouts of victory raise;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs, to songs of praise.

7's. KELLY

338. *Prayer for the Unconverted.*

1 SAVED ourselves by Jesus' blood,
Let us now draw nigh to God;
Many round us blindly stray;
Moved with pity, let us pray—

Pray that they who now are blind
Soon the way of truth may find.

2 Lord awaken all around,
Let them know the joyful sound;
Slaves to Satan heretofore,
Let them now be slaves no more;
Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,
Set the captive sinner free!

3 Glorious things of thee are told,
What thine arm has wrought of old:
Thousands once its power confessed;
O, for seasons like the past!
Lord, revive the former days—
Thine the power, and thine the praise.

L. M. WATTS.

339. *Instrumentality of Truth.*

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind—
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

340. *Necessity of Divine Influence.*

1 HOW few the word of God regard,
Or seek their Maker's face!

In vain the gospel is proclaimed,
If not enforced by grace.

2 Almighty God, exert thy power,
And melt the stony breast;
Then shall thy justice be adored,
Thy mercy stand confessed.

3 The scorner then shall mourn in dust,
And put his sins away;
No more resist his Maker's hands,
But lift his own to pray.

341. C. M. STEELE.

Dependence on the Spirit.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

342. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit Invoked.

1 COME sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;

O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 O, let a holy flock await,
In crowds around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

343. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Spirit of Pentecost.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord,
In this thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 Wake, with thy sovereign breath,
The souls now dark and dead,
And o'er this silent field of death,
Thy living influence shed.

344. L. M. NEWTON.

Encouragement.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,

Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears—the ark is mine.

2 Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace.
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 Take down thy long-neglected harp;
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey,—my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

345. 7's. C. WESLEY.

The Little Cloud.

1 SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand!
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

346. C. M. MILLER.

The Cloud Increasing.

1 THE little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

2 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
Lord, pour a mighty flood;
O, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.

347. C. M. WATTS.

The Harvest.

1 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

2 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

3 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

348. C. P. M. ANON.

The Gracious Visit.

1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 O, that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
And fruitful soil become:
The desert blossom as the rose,
While Jesus conquers all his foes,
And brings the wanderers home.

3 The glorious day is hastening on,
The gracious work is now begun,
The Saviour now is nigh;
Forgiveness, in his blessèd name,
The messengers of peace proclaim;
The sinner need not die.

4 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
To his high service come;
Our labors and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

349. C. M. WATTS.

Zion Rebuilt.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in his eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

4 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

II.—SINNERS WARNED.

350. S. M. EPIS. COL.

Depravity.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

351. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Sinner found Wanting.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;
Behold God's balance lifted high!
There shall his justice be displayed,
And there thy hope and life be weighed.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw:
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain?
Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold, the hand of God appears
To trace in dreadful characters;
"Sinner—thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 One only hope may yet prevail;
Christ has a weight to turn the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

352. 7's. NEWTON.

The Secure Admonished.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 Who his advent may abide?
You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

4 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

353. L. M. DWIGHT.

The Season of Mercy Short.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

354. C. M. HART.

Death Near.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent, thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far—
O, think before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time, there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or to hell!

4 To-day the gospel calls; to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

355. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Repentance Commanded.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

356. L. M. WATTS.

The Broad Road.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew

357. L. M. WATTS.

The Dreadful End.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

358. L. M. HYDE.

The Voice Within.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
It was the Saviour's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

359. 7's. EPIS. COL.

"Awake thou that sleepest."

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

360. S. M. HYDE.

Danger of Neglect.

1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

361. 7's. T. SCOTT.

Danger of Delay.

1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

362. 11's. SAC. SONGS.

Delay Not.

1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion, of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

363. 8's, 7's & 4. KELLY.

The Ark of Safety.

1 TO the ark away! or perish,
Sinners, to the ark away!
Vain the hope, that thousands cherish,
Of deliverance in that day,
When destruction
Cometh, that no arm can stay.

2 Careless ones, be warned, and haste ye
To the ark that open lies;
Why, O why, in folly waste ye,
Precious time that quickly flies?
Soon your laughter
Will be turned to bitter cries.

3 Hear the Lord himself invite you
To his arms—a refuge sure;
O believe him, lest he smite you
With a curse that none can cure;
When he thunders,
Who his anger can endure?

4 They are safe, and none beside them,
Who the Saviour's word obey;
They are safe, for he will hide them,
In the dark and dreadful day,
They shall triumph,
When the world has passed away.

364. 7's. G. B. IDE.

The Door Shut.

1 SINNERS, haste to mercy's gate,
Strive, O strive to enter there;
Hasten, lest ye come too late,
Lest in vain shall be your prayer.

2 Soon the Saviour will arise,
And for ever bar the door;
Hopeless then will be your cries,
God will welcome you no more.

3 From his glorious seat within,
Zion's King, so long forgot,
Then will say—"Ye slaves of sin,
Hence depart—I know you not!"

4 O the anguish of that word!
Anguish which no measure knows;
Sinners, haste to seek the Lord,
Ere the gate of mercy close.

365. 7's & 6's. NEWTON.

The Warning.

1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Once again, we charge you, stop!
For, unless you warning take,
Quick and sudden you will drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Soon relentless death will come,
To drag you to his bar;
Then, to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Countless, and of crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;

Then, how vainly will you call—
You who now despise his grace—
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face!"

366. S. M. DWIGHT.

The Harvest Past.

1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan, with strict account,
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath like flaming fire,
Burned to the lowest hell;
And in that hopeless world of wo,
He bade my spirit dwell.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death,
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

367. 8's, 7's & 4. NEWTON.

The Judgment.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;

You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine;"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

7's. S. F. SMITH.

368. *The Sinner at the Judgment.*

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

11's & 5. ANON.

369. *The Sinner hopeless in the Judgment.*

1 AH, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when arrayed in terror,
God shall command thee, covered with pollution,
Up to the judgment?

2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation?
Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph,
In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.

4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded
Waits to embrace thee.

5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

6 O, guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.

III.—SINNERS INVITED.

370. 8's & 4. REED'S COL.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 HARK! hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through earth and heaven the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood!
Sinners are reconciled to God,
By grace divine!

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
T' invite you near.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim—
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.

371. H. M. C. Wesley.

The Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;

Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

372. 12's. THORNBY.

The Voice of Free Grace.

1 THE voice of Free Grace cries, escape to the mountain!
For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain;
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon;
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, haste, haste to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy—O, slight not his favor.
Your sins, that have risen as high as a mountain,
Shall find full remission, in this precious fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, our King, all blessèd and glorious!
O'er sin, death, and hell, thine arm is victorious;
With shouting proclaim it, in th' great congregation;
Let angels and men raise the song of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 And when thou shalt bring us to thy heavenly dwelling,
To gaze on thy glory, all glory excelling,
We'll sound forth thy honors, with harps that cease never,
And sing thy salvation for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

373. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel Feast.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

C. M. HUNTINGDON'S COL.

374. *Yet there is Room.*

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

375. S. M. DOBELL.

The Accepted Time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

376. 6's & 4 s. SAC. SONGS.

The Solemn Call.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls,
O, listen now:
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

4 The spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

377. L. M. MILLER.

"Choose ye this Day."

1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be for ever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

378. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Young Invited.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

379. 7's & 6's. W. L. DENNIS.

Remember now thy Creator.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator,
Give ear to Wisdom's voice;
Heed not the subtle traitor,
That would delay thy choice.
Come, ere the night of sorrow
Shroud every hope in gloom;
Come to the cross, and borrow
A light to gild the tomb.

2 Remember thy Creator,
Who gave his Son to save,
And in our fallen nature,
Stoop to the darksome grave;
He died to purchase pardon,
He lives to plead above;
Ere sin thy heart shall harden,
Embrace his offered love.

3 Remember thy Creator,
For he remembers thee,
At earliest dawn and later,
On land and on the sea;
Go to the cross, confessing
The sins of youthful days,
And grace, thy soul possessing,
Shall tune thy lips to praise.

380. C. M. COWPER.

Careless Youth Entreated.

1 YE careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;

Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

2 For you the public prayer is made;
O, join the public prayer:
For you the secret tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear.

3 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

381. L. M. KELLY

The Voice from Calvary.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far,
It fills my soul with joy and love:
Not angel-harps so charming are,
That echo through the courts above.

2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my grief, and calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

3 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

4 Alas, for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

382. 7's. HAWEIS.

Welcome from the Cross.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,

What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

C. M. HYMNS OF ZION.

383. *The Saviour at the Door.*

1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be for ever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me for ever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

384. L. M. GRIGG.

The Waiting Saviour.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O, lovely Saviour, see, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
O, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed ne'er return:
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

385. H. M. BODEN.

The Saviour's Call.

1 YE dying sons of men,—
Sunk deep in guilt and wo,
The gracious call attend,
Which Jesus sends to you:

Ye perishing and helpless, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready: sinners, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair; there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear:
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

S. M. EPIS. COL.

386.

The Spirit Inviting.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ proclaims
To all his children, "come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come,

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

387. 8's, 7's & 4. ALLEN.

Sinners Entreated to hear.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above!
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Who hath our report believèd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord?

4 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

388. L. M. COLLYER.

Return, O Wanderer.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by the Spirit's grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His love shall peace and joy impart.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

389. 11's. CH. LYRE.

Turn Ye.

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better; your chains melt away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are;
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3 The contrite in heart he will freely receive,
O, why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he makes welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart;
In him once united, we never shall part;
O, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

390. 7's. HAR. SAC.

Hearts of Stone.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
"No! with all my sins I'll part,
"Saviour, take my broken heart."

391. 8's, 7's & 4. S. F. SMITH.

The Last Invitation.

1 OFT the tidings of salvation,
Have been pressed upon our ears;
Who has heard the invitation;
Who in sinning perseveres?
Who, rebellious,
Still in sinning perseveres?

2 Thoughtless ones, while ye, departing,
Hasten from these scenes away,
Let your spirits, onward darting,
See another parting day;
Fast approaching
See another parting day.

3 Each one in this congregation,
Then must go to heaven or hell—
Pains unknown or sweet salvation—
There for evermore to dwell;
None escaping,
There for evermore to dwell.

IV.—INQUIRERS.

392. S. M. ANON.

Awakened.

1 I JUST begin to see;
Ah! Lord, what shall I do?
How shall a wretched sinner flee
From everlasting wo?

2 I dare no longer stay
So nigh the jaws of hell:
Yet how to go, or find the way
To Christ, I cannot tell.

3 O Lord, though I am vile,
Receive me as I am;
And let thy sovereign mercy smile
On me, through Christ the Lamb.

393. C. M. HYDE.

Condemned by the Law.

1 AH, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt oppressed;
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.

2 Great God, thy good and perfect law,
Does all my life condemn,
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.

3 How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus and of heaven;
Yet scarcely listened to his word,
Or prayed to be forgiven!

4 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace;
For thou this flinty heart canst break,
And thine shall be the praise.

394. 7's. RAFFLES.

Confession of Sin.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, O hear my earnest cry:
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners, I have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face;
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this guilty, broken heart;
Justly might thy righteous breath
Doom me to eternal death.

4 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

395. S. M. COWPER.

Self-righteous Hopes Renounced.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;

I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way:
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

396. L. M. C. WESLEY.

The Burden of Sin.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Fountain of rest, thou, Saviour, art;
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

4 I would; but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill my soul with heavenly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

397. S. M. NEWTON.

The Gospel Pool.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool.
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

3 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.

4 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

398. L. M. HART.

Hardness of Heart Lamented.

1 O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To chase the shades of night away;

To melt, with beams of love divine,
This unrelenting heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The ocean roar, the mountain shake;
All nature feels, and gives the sign,
But not this stubborn heart of mine.

3 Dear Lord, the sorrows thou hast felt,
Might cause a heart of stone to melt;
Yet I can read each sacred line,
And nothing melt this heart of mine.

4 But power supreme the soul can move,
And purify and melt to love;
Come, Holy Spirit, power divine,
O come, subdue this heart of mine.

399. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for Repentance.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 O fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above:
Thyself to me reveal.

400. S. M. C. WESLEY.

The Hindrance.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus! the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display;
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the veil away.

401. 8's & 7's. TURNER.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 On the word thy blood hath sealèd
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealèd,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall.

5 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

402. C. M. STENNETT.

Imploring Pardon.

1 DEAR Saviour, prostrate at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, gracious Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

L. M. WATTS.

403. *Earthly Reliances Abandoned.*

1 O LORD, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.

2 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No human power could cleanse me so.

C. M. PRATT'S COL.

404. *Inquirers directed to Christ.*

1 ALL ye, who feel your guilt and thrall,
And fear eternal wo,
Attend the gospel's gracious call—
This hour to Jesus go.

2 His cross, that pours a cleansing flood,
Shall all your stains remove ;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

4 Come, then, ye heavy laden, come !
His instant help implore ;
Millions have found in him a home—
There's room for millions more.

405. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Invitation.

1 COME hither, all ye weary souls;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and cheerful zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

406. 7's. CONDER.

The Saviour's Welcome.

1 WELCOME, welcome! sinner hear;
Linger not through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the Lord,
Read thy welcome in his word.

2 Welcome to the offered peace;
Welcome, prisoner, to release;
Burst thy bonds; be saved; be free;
Rise and come—he calleth thee.

3 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the holy mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

4 None can come that shall not find
Mercy called whom grace inclined;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, depart!

5 O, the virtue of that price!
Christ's redeeming sacrifice!
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
Welcome to the sacred fold.

407. L. M. STEELE.

Weary Souls.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest:
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

408. C. M. G. B. IDE.

Weeping Mary.

1 PROSTRATE at Jesus' feet, behold
Repenting Mary weep,
Bowed with a load of grief untold,
And woes that never sleep.

2 The tear that from her dim eye breaks,
Her heart with sorrow riven,
The pitying Saviour views, and speaks
Her many sins forgiven.

3 O mourning soul, whose guilt and fears
A bitter anguish prove,
Not all thy groans, nor flowing tears,
Thy burden can remove.

4 But there is One above, who bore
That burden in thy stead,
When wrath, with all its gathered store,
Burst on his sacred head.

5 Go, humbly fall before his feet:
There weep, and love, and pray;
And mercy from his heavenly seat
Shall smile thy sins away.

409. 8's & 7's. MONTGOMERY.

The Fountain Opened.

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live for ever:
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified!

410. C. M. MEDLEY.

Living Waters.

1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found?
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

411. 7's. CH. PSALMIST.

Fulness of Christ.

1 BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus' blood can make you clean;
Weary souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus' grace can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste;
Look to Jesus—look and live!
Jesus' love will all forgive.

3 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Tossed, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus, in your stead, has died.

4 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely;
Jesus lives and reigns on high.

412. 7's. TOPLADY.

"He hath borne our griefs."

1 WEEPING soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

4 Lord, thy arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me;
At thy feet myself I lay,
Shine, O shine my sins away.

413. 8's, 7's & 4. HART.

Jesus Ready to Save.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished:"
Sinners, will not this suffice?"

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

414. C. P. M. T. U. WALTER.

Go to Jesus.

1 DESPONDING soul, O cease thy wo;
Dry up thy tears; to Jesus go,
In faith's appointed way;
Let not thy unbelieving fears
Still hold thee back—thy Saviour hears—
From him no longer stay.

2 No works of thine can e'er impart
A balm to heal thy wounded heart,
Or solid comfort give;
Turn, then, to him who freely gave
His precious blood thy soul to save;
E'en now he bids thee live.

3 Helpless and lost, to Jesus fly!
His power and love are ever nigh
To those who seek his face;
Thy deepest guilt on him was laid,
He bore thy sins, thy ransom paid;
O, haste to share his grace.

415. C. M. JONES.

Resolving to go to Jesus.

1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he will command my touch—
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

416. L. M. ANON.

Going to Jesus.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

417. C. P. M. NEWTON.

The Surrender.

1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to awe my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

C. P. M. OCCUM.

418. "*Born Again.*"

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increased my pain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

C. M. WATTS.

419.

Renewed by the Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

420.

Believing.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Now to thee do I draw near,
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of sin, alas, I am,
But to thee for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 No good word, or work, or thought
I bring to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept, unbought;
Thy proffer I embrace.

Needy, guilty, vile I am,
Yet I know thy love is free;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
At thy cross will I abide,
With humble, trusting heart;
When my place above I claim,
Still the cross shall be my plea;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb
Thy blood was shed for me.

421. S. M. WATTS.

Faith in Christ's Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

L. M. WATTS.

422. *Depending on Christ's Righteousness.*

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

C. P. M. TOPLADY.

423. *Trusting in Christ for Pardon.*

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away;
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

424. S. M. BEDDOME.

Weeping for Sin.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

425. C. M. WATTS.

Repentance in view of Christ's Death.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

L. M. MONTGOMERY'S COL.

426. *The Injured Friend.*

1 FLOW fast, my tears! the cause is great;
This tribute, claims an injured Friend:
One whom I long pursued with hate,
And yet he loved me to the end.

2 Fast flow my tears; yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide;
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urged the hand that pierced his side.

3 Fast, and yet faster flow my tears,
Love breaks the heart and drowns the eyes,
His visage marred, towards heaven he rears,
And, pleading for his murderers, dies!

4 My grief, nor measure knows nor end,
Till he appears the sinner's friend!
And gives me in a happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

427. C. M. NEWTON.

Subdued by the Cross.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O, never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

428. C. M. ANON.

Sweetness of Repentance.

1 SWEET were the tears that once I shed,
Sweet their remembrance now;
'Twas when by faith I saw him bleed,
To whom my life I owe.

2 Not all the tears that sinners shed,
Could ever give repose;
The voice of God awakes the dead,
And goodness conquers foes.

3 Yet when I feel that he is good,
I'm melted to the ground,
And find in Christ's atoning blood
A balm for every wound.

4 O then how pleasing 'tis to weep!
O'erwhelm'd with grateful grief;
The tear of penitence is sweet,
And always brings relief.

429. 7's. NEWTON.

Saved by Grace.

1 SAVED by grace, I live to tell
What the love of Christ hath done;
He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son;
O, I tremble still to think
How secure I lived in sin;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserved from falling in.

2 In his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke:
Touched me by his Spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke.
Then I saw and owned my guilt:
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
"Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I died."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possessed my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove
After acting such a part?

"Thou hast greatly sinned," he said,
"But I freely all forgive;
I myself thy debt have paid
Now I bid thee rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow-sinners, try,
Jesus' heart is full of love!
O that you, as well as I,
May his wondrous mercy prove!
He has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free:
Why should any soul despair,
When he saved a wretch like me?

430. 7's. NEWTON.

Sovereign Grace.

1 SOVEREIGN grace hath power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death;
Perished, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

5 "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be:

"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shall rest in paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestowed in time of need!
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

431. S. M. TOPLADY.

Distinguishing Grace.

1 NOT to myself I owe,
That I, O Lord, am thine;
Free grace hath all the shades broke through,
And caused the light to shine.

2 Me thou hast willing made,
Thy mercy to receive;
Called by the voice that wakes the dead,
I come to thee and live.

3 Why was I made to see,
Although by nature blind?
Why am I taken home to thee,
And others left behind?

4 Because thy sovereign love
Was bent the worst to save,
Jesus, who reigns enthroned above,
The free salvation gave.

5 No more a child of wrath,
Thy smiling face I see,
And praise thee for the work of faith,
Which thou hast wrought in me.

432. C. M. NEWTON.

Amazing Grace.

1 AMAZING grace,—how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

8's & 7's. NEWTON.

433.

Spiritual Blindness Removed.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimèus prayed:
"Others by thy word are savèd,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him—
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day"—
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

4 O, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around—
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

5 "O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

434. 7's & 6's. NEWTON.

Christ the Great Physician.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me;
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

3 At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,—
For sin my eyes had sealed.—

Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only, Look and live.

435. L. M. CENNICK

Christ the Way.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view;—

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

3 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul; I am the way."

4 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found?
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

436. L. M. BREWER.

Christ the Hiding-Place.

1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 But thus th' eternal counsel ran—
"Almighty love—arrest the man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

4 Vindictive Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But Justice cried, with frowning face—
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

5 But lo, a heavenly voice I heard—
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
Who led me on, a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

6 On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now he is my hiding-place.

437. C. M. WATTS.

The Great Change.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

438. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Time of Love.

1 THAT was a time of wondrous love,
When Christ my Lord was passing by;
He felt his tender pity move,
And brought his great salvation nigh.

2 Guilty and self-condemned I stood,
Nor thought his mercy was so near;
When he my stubborn heart subdued,
And planted all his graces there.

3 My eyes were sealed, and shades of night
O'er all my mental powers were drawn;
He spake the word, "Let there be light,"
And straight the day began to dawn.

4 When on the verge of endless pain,
He gently whispered, I am thine,
I lost my fears, and dropped my chain,
And felt a transport all divine.

5 Now he supports the work begun,
Strengthens my hands and guides my ways
To him be endless honors done,
Let heaven and earth resound his praise.

439. 6's & 9's. C. Wesley.

Joy of a Convert.

1 O, HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me!

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

6 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to him.

440. 5's & 4's. R. TURNBULL.

Revival Blessings.

1 SINNERS are bending
Low at the throne,
Jesus is sending
His Spirit down,
Sunlight is beaming
Soft from the sky;
Bright are the visions
That gleam on the eye.

2 Angels are watching
Over the place,
Glad souls are singing
Wonders of grace;
Mercy is shedding
Bliss from on high,
Freed hearts are soaring
Away to the sky!

441. C. P. M. ANON.

Revival Joys.

1 WE feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high:
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

2 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Our Shepherd will before us go,
And lead where heavenly fountains flow,
That never will run dry.

3 There will we reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land
Where we shall part no more.

5 There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our sufferings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love:
We'll shout and praise our conquering King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

442. 7's. R. PALMER.

Praise for a Revival.

1 FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are—
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo, thy church, thy garden now
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower!
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow:
Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.

3 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory—thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.

4 Hear, O hear, our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

L. M. BEDDOME.

443. *Rejoicing in Christ's Triumphs.*

1 REJOICE, for Christ, the Saviour reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 O, may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lofty as his love.

C. M. HOSKINS.

444. *Joy in the Conversion of Sinners.*

1 O, HOW the hearts of those revive,
Who fear and love the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive,
By his all-quickening word.

2 The parent views, with joyful eyes,
His now returning son,
And, lost in grateful rapture, cries,
What hath the Saviour done!

3 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
When souls the word receive;
When sinners hear the Saviour's voice,
And in his name believe.

4 The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine,
Of their victorious King.

5 But greater joy must they possess,
Who feel this glorious change;
Their laboring tongues can but express,
How true, and yet how strange!

S. M. SWAIN.

445. *Praise for the Conversion of Sinners.*

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

C. M. NEEDHAM.

446. *The Lost Found.*

1 O, HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

L. M. WATTS.

447. *Heaven Rejoicing over the Penitent.*

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a penitent return,—
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

448. C. M. WATTS.

Praise for Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

449. L. M. WATTS.

Converts Renouncing Earthly Joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

L. M. REV. MELODIES.

450. *Farewell to the World.*

1 FAREWELL, farewell to all below,
My Jesus calls, and I must go;
I launch my boat upon the sea,
This land is not the land for me.

2 I've found the winding path of sin,
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond the chilly waves I see
The land my Saviour bought for me.

3 Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not, I cannot be—
This land is not the land for me.

4 My hope, my heart, is now on high,
There all my joys and treasures lie;
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
O, that's the land, the land for me.

8's & 7's. MONTGOMERY.

451. *Forsaking all to follow Christ.*

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue!

And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

452. L. M. DAVIES.

Self-Dedication.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased alone by blood divine;
With full consent I yield to thee,
And own thy sovereign right to me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
Lord, let me live and die to thee;
Be thine through all eternity.

453. 7's. MONTGOMERY.

Seeking Admission to the Church.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

454. L. M. BEDDOME.

Converts Welcomed.

1 BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

4 O Thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still revive and save the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

455. C. M. CH. MELODIST.

After Hearing Converts.

1 DEAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear
Poor sinners sweetly tell,
How thou art pleased to save from sin,
From sorrow, death, and hell.

2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name
For grace so freely given;
Still may we keep in Zion's road,
And dwell at last in heaven.

VI.—CONVERTS BAPTIZED.

456. L. M. JUDSON.

The Holy Spirit Invoked.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

457. S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Choosing the Cross.

1 CHOOSE ye his cross to bear,
Who bowed beneath the wave?
Clad in his armor, will ye dare,
In faith, a watery grave?

2 We love his holy word,
His precepts we obey,
Buried with Christ, our dying Lord,
We seek to be, this day.

3 All hail! ye blessèd band,
Shrink not to do his will,
In deep humility, this work
Of righteousness fulfil.

4 Tread in the Saviour's steps,
Invoke his spirit free,
And as he burst the gates of death,
So may your rising be.

458. C. M. FELLOWS.

Constrained by Love.

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, thy condescending love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

459. C. M. RYLAND.

Hinder Me Not.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not," come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

460. L. M. BALDWIN.

The Place where Jesus Lay.

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

461.

Delight in Obedience.

1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led.

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

L. M. WATTS.

462.

Baptism an Emblem.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Within our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

463. C. P. M. F. W. B. Col.

Salem's Bright King.

1 SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In former time, to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased with what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 "This is my Son," Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
"O children, hear ye him;"
Hark 'tis his voice, behold! he cries,
"Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sins."

4 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared.
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;

See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, "Come,
O children, be baptized."

6 Behold! his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

464. L. M. DODDRIDGE

The Baptismal Vow.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

3 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

4 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

VII.—CONVERTS AT THE LORD'S SUPPER

465. 11's. J. DOWLING.

The Church's Welcome.

1 CHILDREN of Zion! what harp-notes are stealing,
So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet?

'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing,
That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet.
Children of Zion! we join in their welcome,
'Tis sweet to lie low at that blessed retreat.

2 Children of Zion! no longer in sadness,
Refrain from the feast that your Saviour hath given;
Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.
Children of Zion! our hearts bid you welcome
To the church of the ransomed, the kingdom of heaven.

3 Children of Zion! we joyfully hail you,
The fold you have entered through Jesus the door;
While pilgrims on earth, though the foe may assail you,
Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er.
Children of Zion! O, welcome, thrice welcome,
Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more.

466. L. M. KELLY.

The Hand of Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blessèd of the Lord;
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

3 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

467. L. M. NEWTON.

Welcome to Fellowship.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

468. C. M. MORAVIAN.

The Response.

1 HAIL, Church of Christ, bought with his blood,
The world I freely leave;
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart,
With thee through boundless grace;
And I will never from thee part;
This bond shall never cease.

3 And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who in thy fold have place?
Who gathered round the erected cross
Enjoy redeeming grace?

4 O yes, nor would I change my lot
For all this world can give;
By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
And only to thee cleave.

469. C. M. BEDDOME

The Covenant.

1 YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;

To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

470. S. M. WATTS.

Communion with Christ.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

471. L. M. WATTS.

Consecration in view of the Cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

472. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Voluntary Sacrifice.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion like a God—
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

473. L. M. KRISHNA PAL.

Remembering Christ.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend, who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

474. C. M. CH. LYRE.

Can we forget?

1 JESUS! thy love shall we forget;
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane, can we forget—
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Can we the crown of thorns forget,
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?

5 The nails, the spear, can we forget;
The agonizing cry—
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"

6 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

7 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee:
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be.

475. 7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

Remember Calvary.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee;
Every burdened soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:

By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Do not bid us hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve;
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Cry for pardon and release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

476. H. M. STENNETT.

Gratitude to the Saviour.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour—God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all to thee we give;
The gift, though small, do thou receive.

THE CHURCH.

I.—ORGANIZED.

477. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Church Covenant.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord,

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

5 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

478. S. M. WATTS.

Church Order.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

479. L. M. BARBAULD.

Church Union.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds:
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear,
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and human wo!
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love.

480. S. M. WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

1 HOW honored is the place
Where we adoring stand!—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

481. 8's & 7's. NEWTON.

Glory of the Church.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

482. S. M. DWIGHT.

Love to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

II.—PASTORS.

483. L. M. WATTS.

The Great Commission.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

484. S. M. WATTS

Heralds of Glad Tidings.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are;
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

485. C. M. DODDRIDGE

Ministerial Responsibility.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in wo.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
Lord, watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

486. 7's. HAMMOND.

The Minister's Theme.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,

Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;—

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,—
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

487. 7's. TOPLADY.

Ministerial Faithfulness.

1 SOLDIER of the living God,
Steward of the mystic word,
Use the gifts on thee bestowed,
To the honor of thy Lord;
Free thou didst from him receive,
Man of God, as freely give.

2 In Immanuel's strength go forth,
Loud his dying love proclaim,
Dare the feeble sons of earth,
Conquer in his saving name;
March with Jesus for thy guide,
Go, for God is on thy side.

3 Bear the standard of the Lord,
Fight thy Captain's battles well;
With the Spirit's two-edged sword,
Put to flight the hosts of hell:
Single, thou thy foes shalt chase,
Armed with all the might of grace.

4 Faithful to thy sacred trust,
Thus from strength to strength go on;
Stay the weak, bring back the lost,
Labor till thy work is done;
Fight and conquer, end the strife,
Enter on eternal life.

488. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

A Pastor Sought.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' prayers indulgent hear;
Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

489. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Pastor Welcomed.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant; so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

3 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

4 Come as a watchman; take thy stand
Upon thy tower on Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

5 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

490. C. M. WILLIAMS.

Thanks for a Pastor.

1 TO thy great name, O Prince of peace;
Our grateful song we raise;
Accept, thou Sun of Righteousness,
The tribute of our praise.

2 In widowed state these walls no more
Their mourning weeds shall wear;
Thy messenger shall joy restore,
And every loss repair.

3 This happy union, Lord, maintain;
Here let thy presence dwell;
And thousands, loosed from Satan's chain,
Raise from the brink of hell.

4 May purity be here maintained,
Peace like a river flow,
And pious zeal, and love unfeigned,
In every bosom glow.

491. L. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer for a Pastor's Success.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 O, clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

492. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Prayer for a Sick Pastor.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 With power benign thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

3 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and pastor live.

4 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought avail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

493.

Death of a Pastor.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade:
What though our pastor and our guide
Be numbered with the dead;—

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comforts to impart;
His hand still leads us, and his voice
Sustains and cheers our heart.

4 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

III.—DEACONS.

C. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

494.

Choice of Deacons.

1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now,
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blest;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed;

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness;
Such may our deacons ever be,
With such thy people bless.

495. 7's. G. B. IDE.

Prayer for Deacons.

1 SON of God, our glorious Head!
On us now thy blessing shed;
From thy throne let mercy flow
To thy waiting flock below.

2 Taught by thee, with prayer sincere,
We have called thy servants here,
For thy needy ones to care,
And thy Holy Feast to bear.

3 May the Spirit from above
Fill their hearts with faith and love;
Make them humble, zealous, wise,
Strife to shun, and good devise.

4 When their earthly work is done,
When the crown of life is won,
Ever in thy house on high,
May they serve beneath thine eye.

IV.—PLACES OF WORSHIP.

496. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Presence Invoked.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

497. 7's. MONTGOMERY

The Sanctuary Built.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest;—

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

498. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God Dwelling with Men.

1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his Word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

499. C. M. NEWTON.

Sanctuary Blessings.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

4 May we in faith receive the word,
In faith present our prayers:
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

I.—HOME MISSIONS.

7's & 6's. MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.

500. *Evangelization of our Country.*

1 OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;

On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western Vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 Where prairie flowers are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illuming,
With light that ever glows;
To each lone forest-ranger,
The Word of Life unseal;
To every exile stranger,
Its saving truths reveal.

4 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

C. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

501. *Home Missionaries Encouraged.*

1 ALL hail! ye servants of the Lord,
On mercy's mission bound,
Ye sowers of the heavenly word
On waste, neglected ground.

2 What though your seed 'mid thorns be sown
Where tares and brambles thrive,
Still One is able, One alone,
To save its germ alive.

3 Ye fear what falls on stony earth
Will mock your prayerful toil,
But sometimes plants of holiest birth
Bear fruit in sterile soil.

4 The seed that by the way-side fell,
Perchance you counted dead;
Yet souls that sing in heaven may tell,
They on its sweetness fed.

5 And some a hundred fold shall bear
Unto the harvest's Lord;
How blessèd, then, will be your care;
How glorious your reward!

502. *The Home Missionary's Example.*

8's & 7's. G. W. ANDERSON.

1 ONWARD, herald of the gospel,
Bear thy tidings through the land;
Preach the word, as heaven's apostle,
Sent by Christ's divine command.

2 Jesus, once the gospel preaching,
Through his native Judah went,
Salem's sons in mercy teaching,
Calling Israel to repent.

3 Israel, all his deep love slighting,
Spurning all his tenderness,
Still he followed, still inviting,
Weeping where he could not bless.

4 Follow, then, thy Lord's example;
Toil in hope, nor faint, nor fear;
For thy needs his grace is ample,
At thy side he's ever near.

5 Work, until the day is ended,
Labor on, till night shall come;
Then, with joy and triumph blended,
Christ shall bring thee to his home.

II.—COLPORTEUR HYMNS.

503. 8's & 6's. F. M. C.

The Colporteur.

1 WHAT courteous stranger at the door,
Bowed with his burden, stands?
He brings, perchance, a precious store
Of gems, or pearls, or golden ore,
Or tidings from far land.

2 His gems are books, and fervent prayers,
Warnings and counsels kind:
Letters from his dear Lord he bears,
And news from heaven of high affairs,
For man's great good designed.

3 Hark! for the stranger's voice is heard,
Waking the slumbering mind:
Tears fall like rain-drops at his word,
And listening hearts like leaves are stirred,
When breathes the sweet south wind.

4 He speaks, in accents soft and low,
Of Christ and all his love;
His bitter cup of shame and wo,
The pangs he bore for man below,
The throne he fills above.

5 On! on! thy holy light impart;
Sow thick the golden seed;
Through every door, on every heart
The sunbeam of the gospel dart;
Speed with thy jewels, speed!

504. S. M. L. H. Sigourney.

The Colporteur's Work.

1 NOW mercy's light-winged page,
Swift messenger of love,

Comes to the home of lonely age,
To guide his thoughts above.

2 The way-side beggar hears
Its ministry divine;
And want's pale children dry their tears,
To trace its radiant line.

3 On, on, ye faithful band,
Your precious bounty shed;
With single heart and tireless hand,
The joyful tidings spread.

4 "The Lord our righteousness"
Still on your banner write;
Nor stay your toil until he bless
The world with saving light.

505. 8's & 7's. Am. Messenger.

The Colporteur's Hymn.

1 THOUGH 'mid forests dark and dreary,
Oft my toilsome path I take,—
Climbing now the mountains weary,
Threading now the dangerous brake,—
Sweetening solitude with prayer,
Cheerily my books I bear.

2 Night to me can bring no terror—
Deserts wild no chilling fear;
Christ within, my shield from error.
Faith, and Hope, my way-mates dear:
All around me angel-throngs,
Holy thoughts, and heavenly songs.

3 O how sweet to dwellings lonely,
Leaves of sacred truth to bear!
Dropping print where printing only
Comes to bring salvation there:
Kindling in each house a flame
With my Saviour's glowing name.

4 Thus with hymns and hallowed musing
Daily I my course pursue,
All my single talent using,
Loving well the work I do,—
Trusting in my Saviour's care,
Cheerily my books I bear!

506. C. M. HASTINGS.

The Healing Leaves.

1 GO forth on wings of faith and prayer,
Ye pages, bright with love;
Though mute, the joyful tidings bear—
Salvation from above.

2 Go, tell the sinful, careless soul
The warning God has given;
Go, make the wounded spirit whole,
With healing balm from heaven.

3 Go to the rude, the dark, the poor,
That live estranged from God;—
Bid them the pearl of price secure,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

4 O Jesus, Friend of dying men,
Thy presence we implore;
Without thy blessing all is vain;
Be with us evermore.

III.—MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

507. 11's & 8's. MOTH. MAG.

Prayer for Colleges.

1 LET pure clouds of incense be wafted to heaven,
From hearts all united in one,
That wisdom and grace to our youth may be given,
And strength for the race they must run.

2 O'er the green hills of science, O Spirit, preside,
And send down thy heavenly showers;
Let holiest dew on each tendril abide,
And nourish the germs and the flowers.

3 Pour salt in those fountains, shed light on those halls,
Bid Shiloh's pure waters be there,
Till the tide of salvation, surrounding the walls,
Roll high on the breezes of prayer.

4 From the youth of our country shall armies arise,
The Gospel of Peace to proclaim,
O'er the land and the sea the glad message that flies,
Shall echo Immanuel's name.

508. L. M. G. B. IDE.

Prayer for more Laborers.

1 THROUGH many climes, o'er many lands,
How wide the growing harvest spreads!
But few the men, and weak the hands,
To reap where Heaven its bounty sheds.

2 O Thou, whose matchless love and power,
Thy sovereign counsels onward bear,
Raise up, in this important hour,
A sacred host, the work to share.

3 Call forth, from vale and mountain-height,
The minds on which thy grace hath shone,
Richly imbue with holy light,
And consecrate them all thy own.

4 With knowledge fraught, and hallowed lore,
May they the cross of Christ proclaim,
From realm to realm, from shore to shore,
Till earth shall bless his saving name.

IV.—BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

509. H. M. MARSHMAN.

The Bible Translated.

1 HAIL precious book divine!
Illumined by thy rays,
We rise from death and sin,
To speak the Saviour's praise!

The shades of error, dark as night,
Vanish before thy radiant light.

2 We bless the God of grace,
Who hath his word revealed
To earth's bewildered race,
So long in darkness held;
His love designs; his people pray;
His providence prepares the way.

3 Now shall the heathen learn
The glories of our King;
And from their idols turn
Jehovah's name to sing:
Diffusing heavenly light around,
This book shall Satan's power confound.

4 Deign, gracious Saviour, deign,
To smile upon thy word;
Let millions now attain
Salvation from the Lord:
Nor let its growing conquests stay,
Till earth exult to own thy sway!

C. M. COWPER

510. *The Bible the Light of the World.*

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

511. C. P. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Bible the Only Guide.

1 WHAT is the world? a wildering maze,
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

2 Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night:
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible!—He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

V.—FOREIGN MISSIONS.

512. L. M. VOKE.

Concert of Prayer.

1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend
Till every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near
To call thy banished people home.

513. L. M. WATTS.

The Promised Reign of Christ.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

514. C. M. W. WARD

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

515. L. M. Sac. Lyrics.

Prayer for the World.

1 JESUS, we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face:
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.

3 Lord, arm thy truth with power divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore;
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 O rise, ye ransomed captives, rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.

516. S. M. WARDLAW'S COL.

Diffusion of the Gospel.

1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessèd reign.

2 Thou, Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Spirit of grace, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

517. C. M. BURDER'S COL.

The Joyful Sound.

1 LORD, send thy word and let it fly
The spacious earth around:
Till every soul beneath the sky
Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored!
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord!

518. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Spirit Invoked.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all the fulness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

H. M. MISS. PSALMIST.

519. *The Spirit Poured forth.*

1 O, SEND thy Spirit down,
On all the nations, Lord;
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word:
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

2 And may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our frozen hearts inspire,
With fervent zeal and love:
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise!

8's & 7's. SELECT HYMNS.

520. *Consecration to the Work.*

1 WHILE the heralds of salvation
God's abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his name.

2 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know:
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

3 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

521. L. M. CAWOOD.

Christians Debtors to the Heathen.

1 CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every wo;
While heathen, helpless, hopeless, lie;
No ray of glory meets their eye.

2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race;
Uncheered by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb.

3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell.

4 To distant lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day;
O strive that heathen soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

522. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

"*The People Perish.*"

1 THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die!

2 Wealth, labor, talents freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for him will ye not do?

3 O, Spirit of the Lord! go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
From every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one!

523. 7's & 6's. HEBER.

The Appeal.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:

Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

524. S. M. VOKE.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow:
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage, go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's name;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

4 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured that he who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless.

525. 8's, 7's & 4. S. F. SMITH.

The Missionary's Farewell.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well—
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

3 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land—Farewell—Farewell.

526. 8's, 7's & 4. WILLIAMS.

Pagan Darkness.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessèd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel:
Win and conquer—never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

527. 7's BOWRING.

"What of the Night."

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

528. 7's & 6's. S. F. Smith.

"*The Morning Cometh.*"

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing.
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

529. 8's, 7's & 4. KELLY.

The Day is Breaking.

1 LOOK, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land:
Day advances—
Darkness flies at his command.

2 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand!
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

530. 11's & 10's. SAC. SONGS.

The Glad Morning.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning:
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

531. 7's. KELLY.

Glory of Zion.

1 WHO are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star?
Strangers now to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.

2 Lo! they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd:
Zion wonders at the sight,
Zion feels a strange delight.

3 Zion now no more shall sigh,
God will raise her glory high;
He will send a large increase,
He will give his people peace.

4 Sons of Zion, sing aloud!
See her sun without a cloud!
God will make her joy complete,
Zion's sun shall never set.

532. 7's. L. BACON.

Jubilee Song

1 WAKE the song of Jubilee!
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All the nations join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,—
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice!
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

C. M. WATTS.

533. *Kingdom of Christ among Men.*

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And fled the rolling skies.

2 From highest heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing,—
"Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King."

4 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

I.—FAST.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

534. *National Judgments Deprecated.*

1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name!
And all our crying guilt we own,
In dust and tears, before thy throne.

2 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand:
And, bathed in heaven, thy sword might come,
To drink our blood and seal our doom.

3 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are filled with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie!

4 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan:
With these we join our humble prayer;
Our nation shield, our country spare.

8 s & 7's. EPIS. COL.

535. *Pardon implored for National Sins.*

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

L. M. NEWTON.

536. *National Ingratitude.*

1 HOW long hath God bestowed his care
On this indulged, ungrateful land!

How oft, in times of danger near,
Preserved us by his sovereign hand!

2 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our mightiest foes have felt,
That God hath made our cause his own.

3 But ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We, whom like children he has reared,
For all his care unthankful prove.

4 See! he uplifts his chastening rod!
O, where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

5 Lord! hear thy people every where,
Who meet this day to weep and pray:
Our sinful land in mercy spare,
In mercy turn thy wrath away!

537. S. M. WATTS.

Personal Ingratitude.

1 IS this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

II.—THANKSGIVING.

538. S. M. WATTS

Divine Goodness.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

539. 8's & 7's. GEMS.

National Mercies.

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God;
Now with joy we come before thee;
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard thy church, thou heavenly King.

2 Health, and every needful blessing,
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne;
Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

540.

National Gratitude.

1 LORD, may thy goodness cause our land,
Preserved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 So shall each public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thine awful sight;
And in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

7's. SAC. LYRICS.

541.

A Nation's Anthem.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—

Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings.
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

542. L. M. WATTS.

General Praise.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

3 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

4 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

5 Through this vain word he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

III.—CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

543. C. P. M.

Solemn Meditation.

1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,

Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
For ever flowing to the deeps,
Where ceaseless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
"Unthinking man remember this,
That, mid thy sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must fade and die!"

3 My soul attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly house must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

544. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Swiftness of Time.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of each revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear?

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

545. C. M. WATTS.

Frailty of Life.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

546. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Grateful Review.

1 OUR helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

547. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Triumphant Anticipation.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

IV.—NEW YEAR.

548. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Preserving Mercy.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows,—
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

549. C. M. NEWTON.

Spiritual Blessings.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

550. 7's. NEWTON.

Uncertainty of Life.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun,
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young?
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

551. 5's & 12's. C. WESLEY.

The Resolve.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;

His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

THE FUTURE STATE.

I.—DEATH.

552. C. M. HEBER.

Death always Near.

1 DEATH floats on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

2 We daily see the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay:
And life depart in sudden night,
Ere scarce has dawned the day.

3 Look downward, then; thy danger know;
Where now thy foot may tread,
List to the warning from below,—
There lie the buried dead.

4 Look upward, too; by faith apply
The truth divinely given;
On Jesus and his word rely,
And fit thy soul for heaven.

553. C. M. HOSKINS.

"The Time is Short."

1 THE time is short! sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

2 The time is short! O sinners, now
To Christ, the Lord, submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short! ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

4 The time is short! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

C. M. WATTS.

554. *A Short Space, and a Great Work.*

1 HOW short and hasty is our life,
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

555. *"Work while it is Day."*

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly,
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky!

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its maker can command
An instant, endless night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the heavy gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

556. C. M. WATTS.

A Voice from the Tomb.

1 HARK! from the tombs a warning sound;
My ears attend the cry,—
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers:
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?—
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

557. C. M. WATTS.

Death Dreadful to the Unprepared.

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek its last abode.

2 In vain to heaven it lifts its eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags it downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

558. L. M. BARBAULD.

Death of the Righteous.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears;
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell

559. L. M. MACKAY.

Asleep in Jesus.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no wo, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie;
Waiting the summons from on high.

560. C. M. NEWTON.

Present with the Lord.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death—
The glories that surround the saint
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne!

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace its heavenward flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much—and this is all—we know;
They are supremely blest,—
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with the Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His presence always view;—
And, if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

561. C. M. H. K. White.

Silent Dust Revived.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

3 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

4 These ashes, too,—this little dust,—
Our Father's care shall keep,
Until the final trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And our long silent dust shall rise,
With shouts of endless praise!

562. S. M. Luth. Col.

The Solemn Question.

1 WAKED by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

2 How shall I leave my tomb?—
With triumph, or regret?—
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

3 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at his command, to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.

4 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—

5 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

563. S. M. WATTS.

Resurrection to Life.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

564. C. M. SCOTCH COL

The Final Victory.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,—
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake;—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled—
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"O Grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

III—THE JUDGMENT.

565. C. M. ADDISON

The Judgment Anticipated.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
O, how shall I appear.

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear!

4 Prepare me, Lord, to meet that day,
Ere yet it be too late,
When I shall view these solemn scenes,
And feel their awful weight.

566. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Preparation for the Judgment.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

567. 8's, 7's & 4. OLIVER.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall for ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away!"

4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

568. 12's. MILMAN.

The Final Scene.

1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met?
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 In mercy, in mercy, look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven!
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

569. L. M. NEEDHAM.

The Books Opened.

1 BEHOLD the awful books displayed,
Big with the important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

2 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine—
No plea the Judge will here regard.

3 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enrolled,
And triumph in redeeming love.

570. C. P. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Pleading for Acceptance.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,

Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace:
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

571. C. M. WATTS.

Condemnation Terrible.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,—
The appointed hour makes haste,—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

IV.—ETERNITY.

C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

572. *Eternity Contemplated.*

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

573. L. M. STEELE.

Eternity Near.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall we waste our ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw this inch of time away?

2 For all an endless state there is
Of wo extreme, or perfect bliss;
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to that final doom are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
All gone!—but where?—ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity!

4 Sinner! canst thou for ever dwell
Amid the fiery deeps of hell?
Has death no warning sound for thee?
O turn, and to the Saviour flee.

574. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Life and Death Eternal.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live;
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

V.—HEAVEN.

C. M. WATTS.

575. *The Heavenly Mansion.*

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

576. 8's & 6's. TAPPAN.

Rest in Heaven.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,—
The heart no longer riven,—
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

577. C. M. WATTS.

Heaven Holy.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

578. C. M. WATTS.

Heaven Happy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 O! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

579. L. M. WATTS.

Christ the Joy of Heaven.

1 O FOR a sight, a blissful sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

3 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

580. 8's. M. DE FLEURY.

Longing for Heaven.

1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,

In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

3 He snatched you from hell and the grave;
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

4 O, when will the moment appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!

5 I'm fettered and chained here in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and Redeemer to see!

6 I want, O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin never come;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
And dwell with my Saviour at home.

581. 7's. KELLY.

Soaring to Heaven.

1 WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away:
Life is but a dying taper;
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world on high?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above;
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.

4 Go and share his people's glory,
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear
Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear;
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.

582. C. M. MONTGOMERY'S COL.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

583. 7's. RAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy wo.

2 Happy spirits, ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4. 7's.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

5. 8's.

THE Father, who sits on the throne,
The Lamb, who redeemed us with blood,
The Spirit, who seals us his own,
We praise and adore as our God.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

Hymn for the Dedication of the Chapel of the First Baptist Church, New Haven, Nov. 28, 1854.

1 Sweet is the House of Prayer,
Dear, hallowed place;
Oft let me thence repair,
For heavenly grace.
There Jesus meets his own,
There he makes his glory known,
While saints surround the throne,
And seek his face.

2 Lord, in this House of Prayer,
Thy Word be taught;
Here ransomed souls declare
What grace hath wrought:
Here precious numbers meet,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet,
While living waters sweet
To them are brought.

3 Blest be this House of Prayer,
Lord, to thee given;
Here hearts thy mercy share,
By sorrow riven.
Oh, bless thy people dear,
And to all who gather here,
May this glad place appear
The Gate of Heaven.

4 When in the House of Prayer,
We meet no more;
When all our earthly care
Is ever o'er;
Oh, may we meet above,
In our Father's house of love,
And Jesus' friendship prove,
On Canaan's shore.

S. D. P.